Vol. IX No.6, June, 1973

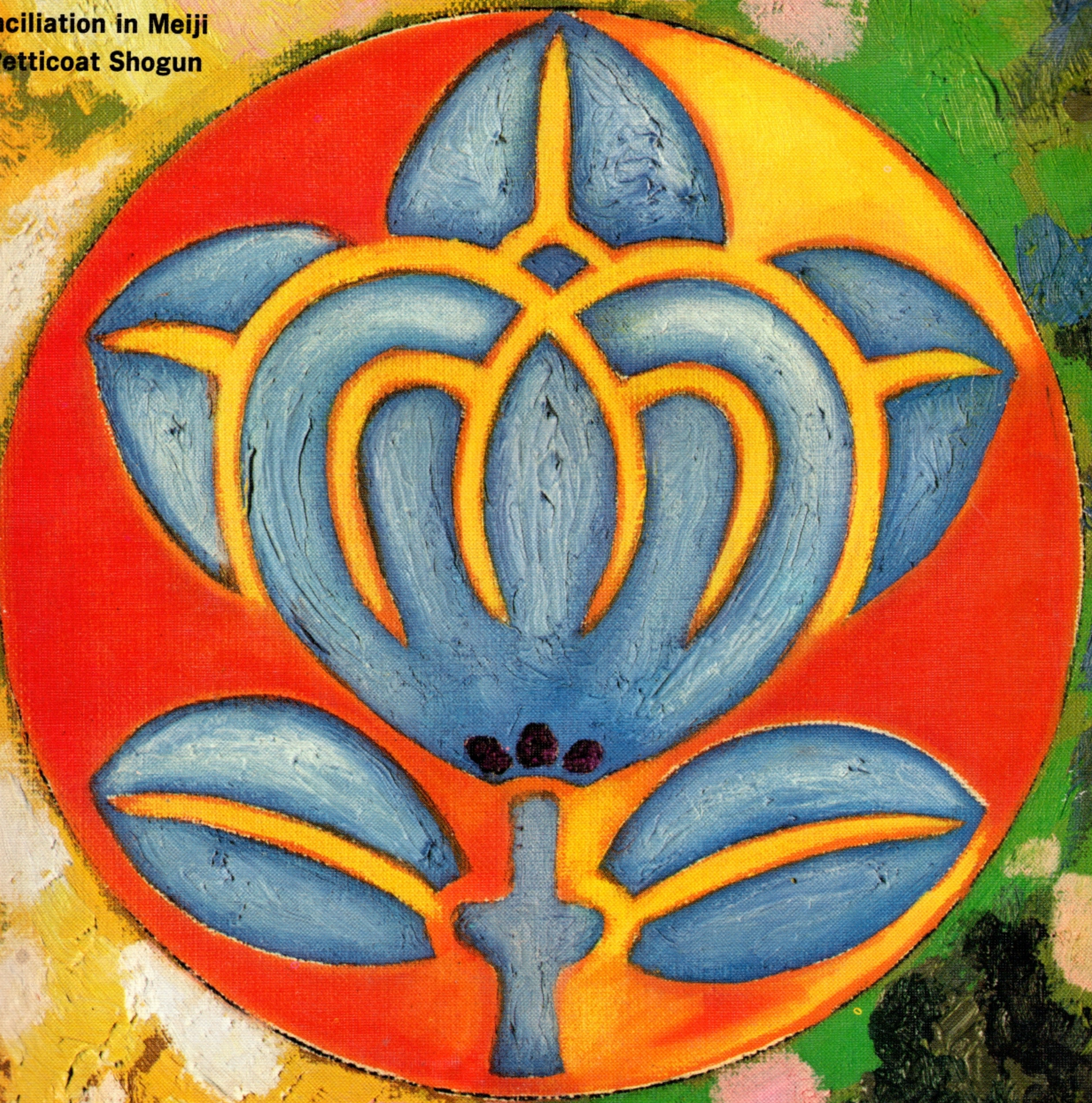
THE EAST

Wa in Japanese Management

Luckless Islands of Okinawa

Reconciliation in Meiji

The Petticoat Shogun



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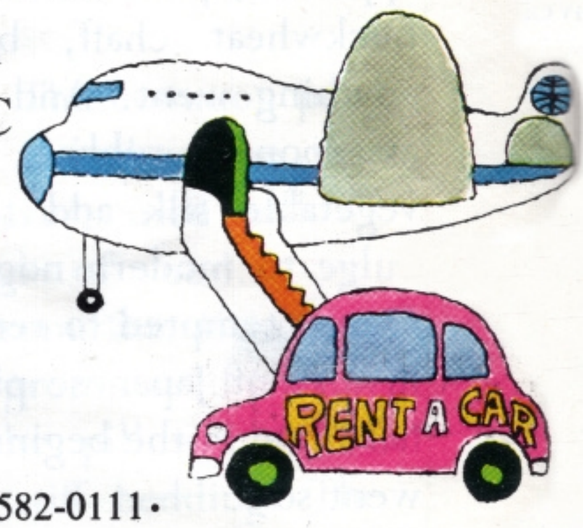

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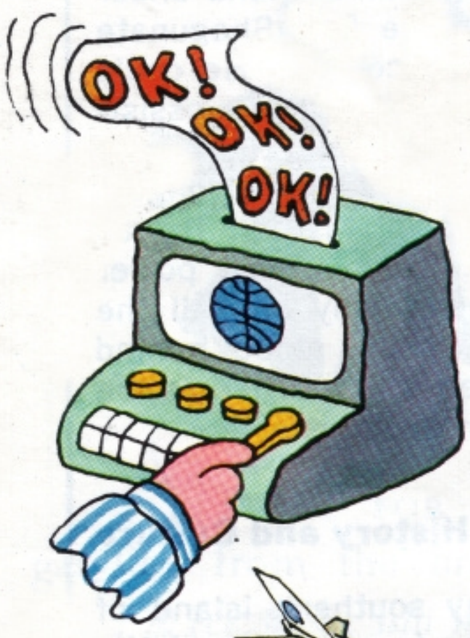

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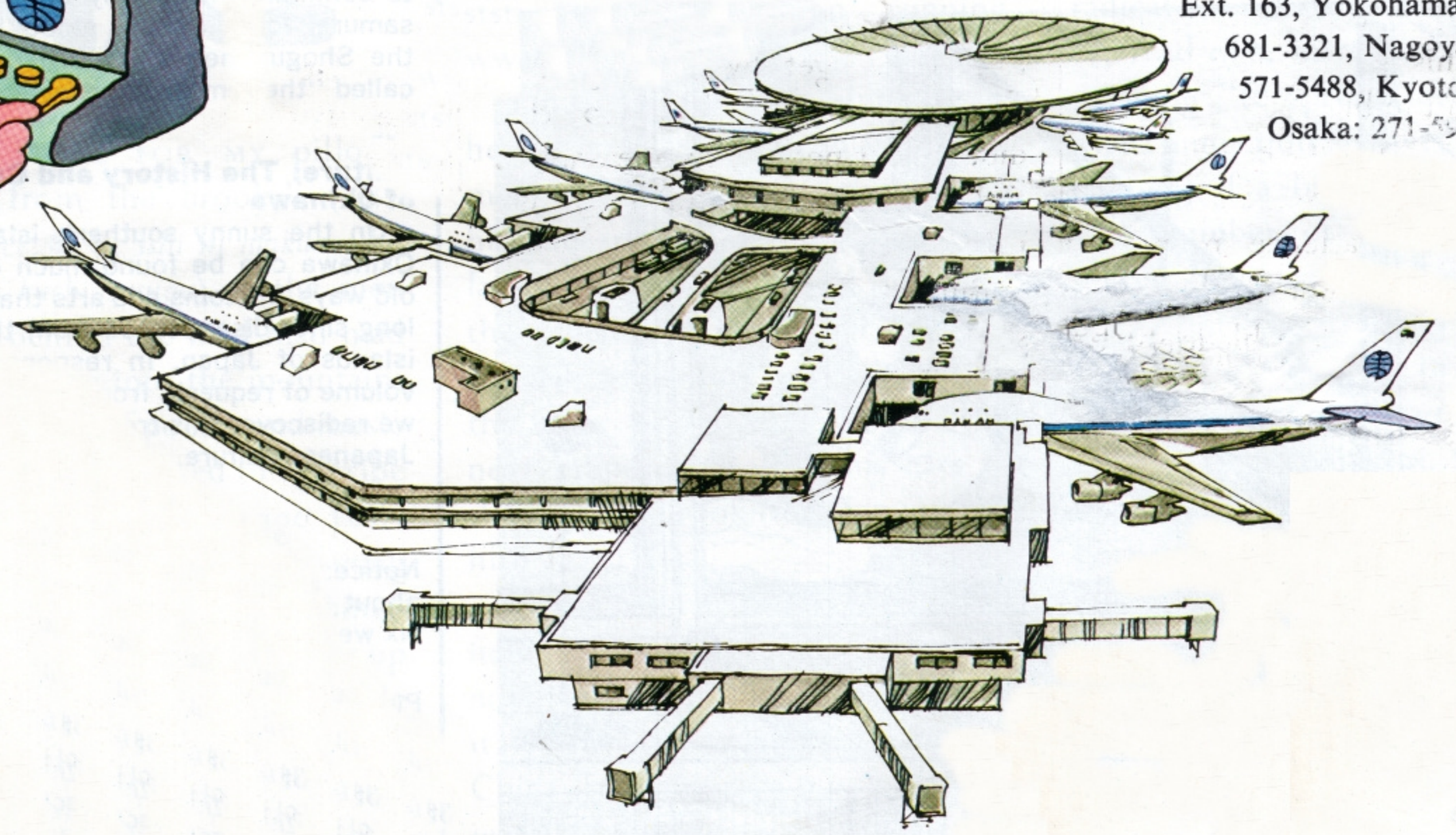

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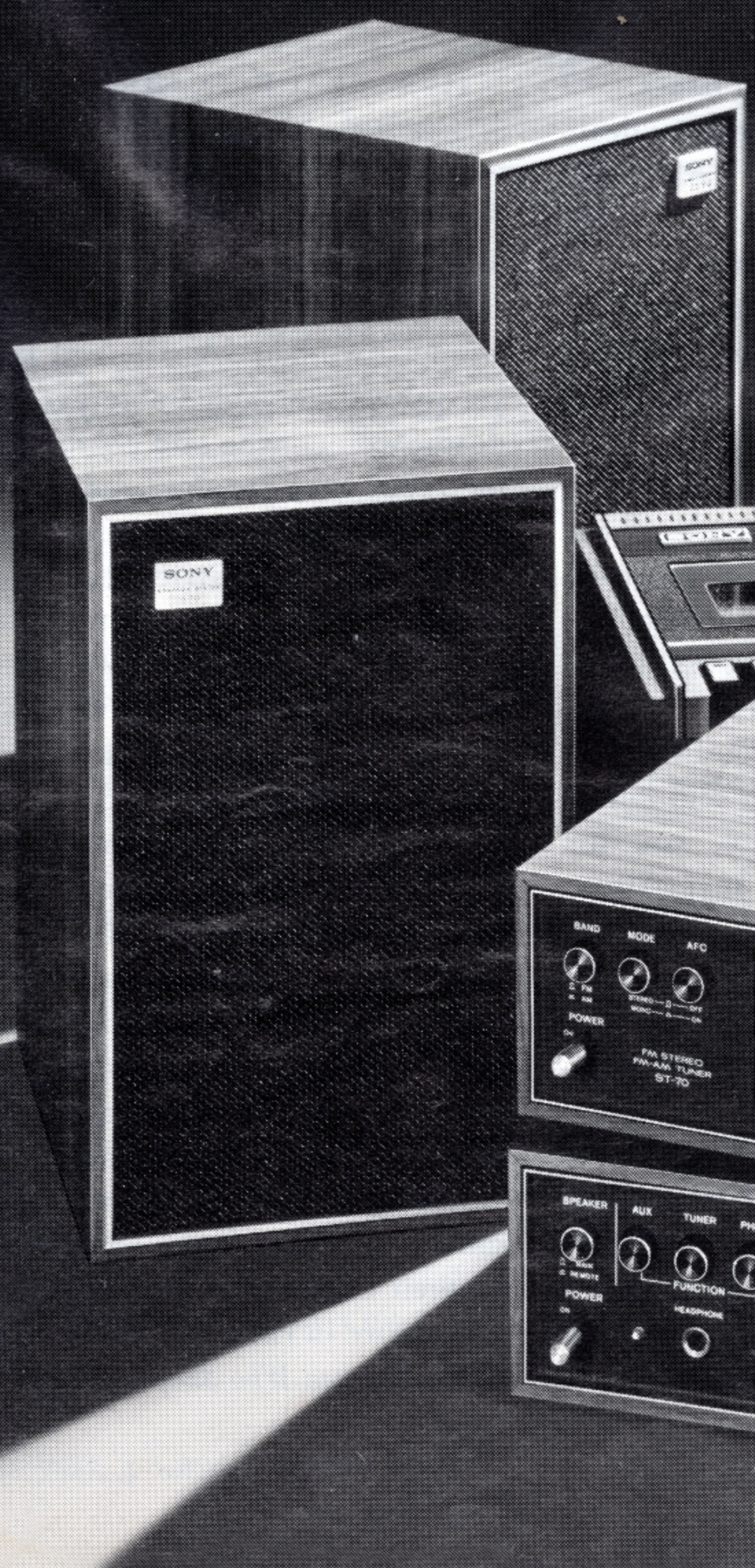

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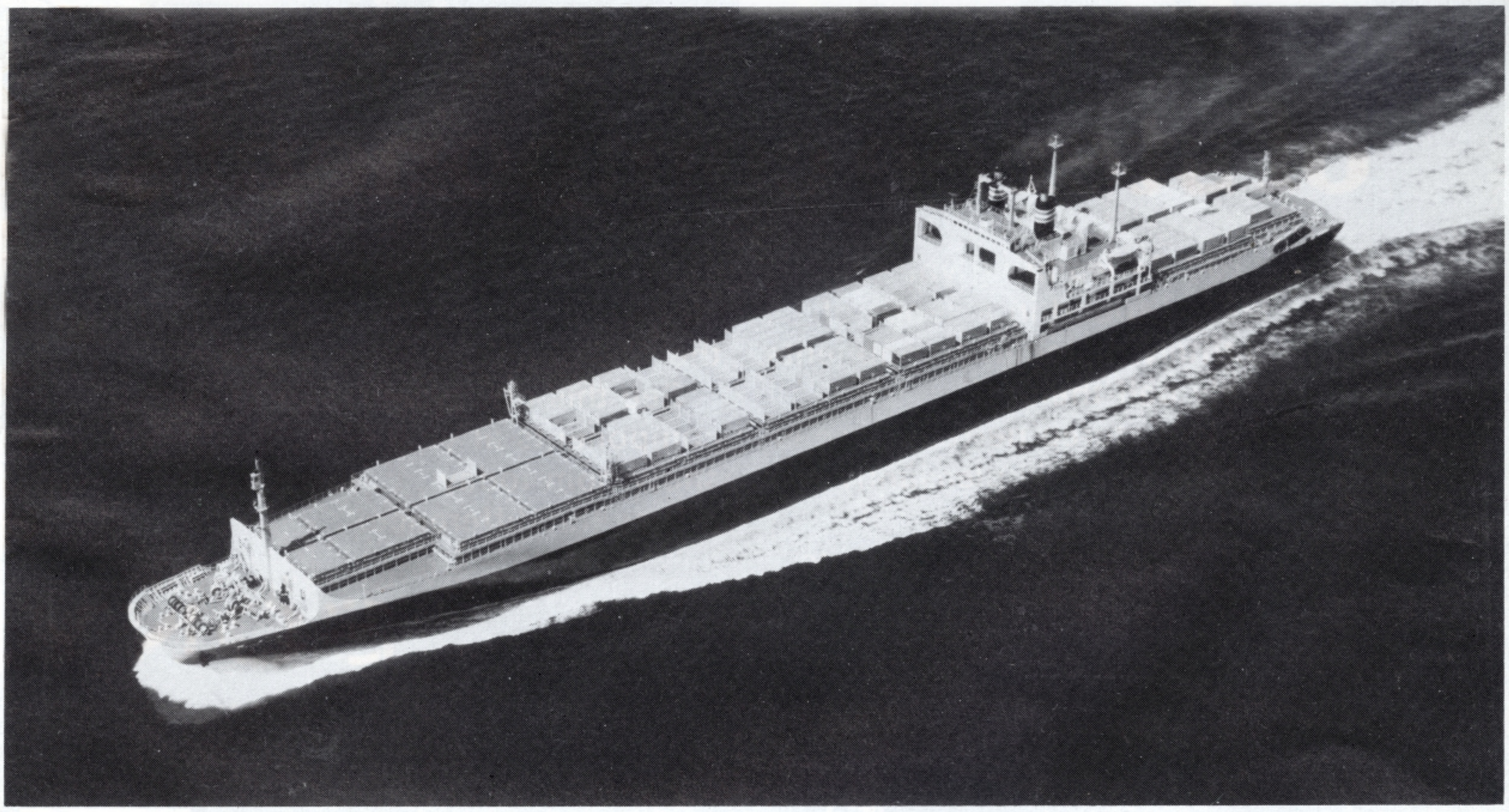

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

We have had to go back on a promise. Several issues ago we announced that we would begin a series of articles on Buddhism with this issue. Unfortunately, however, the writer whose articles we had scheduled fell ill and is now in the hospital, so the series must be postponed, though we refuse to cancel it.

Of course there are countless numbers of other scholars and people connected with Buddhism in this country, but it is not easy to find someone who can present the essentials of Buddhism in an interesting and understandable fashion, such that those who have little background in Buddhism can get something out of it. As we have said many times in this column, a basic problem resides in the Japanese language used to express the ideas. The rhetoric of Buddhist philosophy makes use of a special process of thought not found in ordinary methods of logic which makes it very difficult to render into English. It is this particular method of expression that has restricted previous explanations to the formal and superficial.

One of the three biggest religions in the world along with Islam and Christianity, Buddhism originated in India and traveled through China and Korea before it reached Japan. It broke into factions and decayed in India, and in China encountered the barriers of deeply rooted Confucianism and the Taoist thought of Lao-tzu which hampered it from spreading to the life of the common people. Buddhism took firm hold in Japan, however, where it came to occupy a central current of traditional thought, reaching to all levels of society. The new Buddhism that resulted from the interaction with indigenous Japanese elements is differentiated as "Japanese Buddhism." The acceptance of Buddhism exerted a powerful influence on the form of Japanese culture. Thus an understanding of the history and character of Japanese Buddhism greatly aids one's understanding of the customs and Japanese culture as a whole.

The line of visitors to the temples in Nara and Kyōto never ceases. But it makes all the difference in the world when looking at the seemingly endless array of Buddhist images whether you know what you are looking at or not. The Japanese have grown up in a Buddhist country and most of them do not know very much about it; how much less comprehendable, if not less interesting, the mask-like faces with their infinite variations reflecting the prayers and the gladness of generations of Japanese long past to those from another culture! How much more difficult to understand the art form!

The same can be said for any of the other arts as well. Architecture, gardens, calligraphy and painting—while they can all be related to as Art, capital A, without consideration of their deep connections with Buddhist thought, any discussion of the works themselves will fall short at an exchange of personal impressions.

All of which goes to say that despite the delay we renew our pledge to make Buddhism one of our continuing themes.

Chronology of Events in the Meiji Period

1868	Restoration of national administration to the Emperor
1871	Abolition of feudal provincial designation (*han*) and establishment of prefectures (*ken*)
1873	His proposal of a punitive expedition to Korea defeated, Saigo Takamori leaves the New Government
1874	Insurrection of discontented samurai in Saga
1876	Jinpūren Insurrection; Akizuki Insurrection; Hagi Insurrection
1877	Saigo revolts in Kyūshū (Seinan War)
1881	Promulgation of directive ordering opening of the Diet in 1890
1885	Formation of the Cabinet
1889	Promulgation of the Constitution
1890	Diet convened for the first time
1894	Sino-Japanese War
1898	Tokugawa Yoshinobu received by Emperor Meiji
1899	Passing of Katsu Kaishū

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Vol. IX
No.5 1973

THE EAST

COVER

The 11th Emperor Suinin, according to the *Kojiki*, sent Tajimamori to the Immortal Land Tokoyonokuni 常世国 in search of the Blossom of Yearlong Fragrance. Tajima--mori returned with the *tachibana*, whereupon it was planted in aristocratic gardens to become one of the most beloved flowers in Japan. Tachibana is said to be "Taji's flower." The only wild orange native to Japan, the dainty white blooms of the *citris nobilis* were more highly regarded than either cherry or pine up until Heian Court times. The tachibana was, and still is, planted to the right, the cherry to the left of the Shishinden, the central hall of the Imperial Palace.

for you my love
I'll weave the binding bracelet of
sweet orange blossoms
yet if the lovely petals fall
then I shall cry

The lovely orange blossoms, emblem of the month of May, are sung in as many as 66 poems in the *Manyōshū*, often along with the melodious Japanese cuckoo. Lovers wound blossoms into garlands to wear on their arms in a decoration of incantatory as well as amatory significance.

the flower of the orange tree
the luscious fruit and the leaves
ageless in the face of frost
a tree from th'Immortal Land

Emperor Genmei (661–721) presented the family name Tachibana to Emperor Bidatsu's grandson Prince Katsuragi with this poem. The Tachibana became one of the four most important (and politically powerful) noble families along with the Minamoto, the Taira and the Fujiwara, but they were denuded of their influence by a Fujiwara plot and so appear relatively infrequently in historical annals after the Nara Period.

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INFORMATION BOX

Q Dear Sirs,

I am a student at the University of Illinois, and am searching for information sources concerning the actual forging procedures used in making the katana swordblade.

In the university library I have found several references concerning mounts and tsuba, but nothing pertaining to the manufacture of the blade itself and its particular decorative artwork.

I would sincerely appreciate any help you can offer in locating descriptive material on this subject, and would be happy to purchase any back-issues of The East that may concern swordsmithing and its development in Japan. The information will be used in a research paper I am preparing for course in Japanese art.

Thank you for your kind consideration.

Sincerely yours,
Donald K. Allen
Ridge Farm, Ill., USA

A The special by which process the Japanese sword is produced and the view of the sword as a work of art are introduced in THE EAST Vol. VI No. 6, in an article by Satō Kanzan of the Nihon Token Hakubutsukan (Japanese Sword Museum) entitled "Nihontō: the Beauty of the Blade." For further information or answers to specific questions, direct your inquiries to the Nihon Tōken Hakubutsukan at

Yoyogi 4-25
Shibuya-ku
Tokyo, Japan

Q Gentlemen:

I am looking for some full-sized reproductions of Hokusai and Hiroshige prints.

Are you selling any or can you recommend a source?

I would appreciate your cooperation.

Sincerely,
Ruth Spira
Allentown, Pa., USA

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though we can furnish you with any of their reproductions. We might reiterate that Adachi's prints are not simple copies; the originals are completely re-produced by the same process as was used to make the original Hokusai or Hiroshigé prints. This process is outlined in THE EAST, Vol. VII No. 9.

Q Dear Sir:

Perhaps you would be willing to answer a question I have had for some time. I happened to notice in the most recent issue of THE EAST (Vol. IX No. 4) a letter in the Information Box section inquiring about records of shakuhachi. I am interested in acquiring some albums of typical traditional works for koto but the record store has so many of them I don't know where to begin. Could you tell me what the main schools of koto are and who are some of the representative performers who have records out? Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,
S. Shayer
Tokyo, Japan

A The *koto* is a thirteen-stringed horizontal harp that originates in the seven-stringed Chinese *chin*, both of the same type as the Indian *sitar*. The strings of better koto are still made of silk today, though nylon may be used on lesser instruments. The large body, 180 centimeters long, is constructed of fine paulownia wood. There are two traditional schools of koto:

The Ikuta School is centered in the Kansai (Ōsaka-Kobé-Kyōto) District. Often brought together with the samisen, it is characterized by a rougher, almost brassy sound. Square plectra are fitted on the fingers. Most representative of this school is Yonekawa Fumiko who records on Sony and several other labels.

The Yamada School centers in Tōkyō and the koto stands alone for the most part. Tapered plectra are used to produce a more melodic sound. Nakanoshima Kinichi records only for Victor and has a number of records out which will give you an idea of the sound typical of this school. Victor has a catalog of his recordings.

Incidentally, Miyagi Michio and Etō Kimio have a number of recordings out on labels which are available in the United States. Both are of Ikuta-ryū (School); Miyagi Michio is the teacher and Etō Kimio is his student. They perform some of their own compositions, though they no longer comprise the avant-garde.

Native Sparrow

A merchant was once making ready to take his goods to show the Lord of a castle. "Now let me see," he thought to himself. "I just got a shipment of six rare sparrows from China. I'm sure his Lordship would be delighted with them. But six is not a very auspicious number and his Lordship is quite picky about matters of luck and fortune. I have to give him either three, five or seven." At last he hit upon an idea. "I'll put in one Japanese sparrow to make it seven. He'll probably never notice."

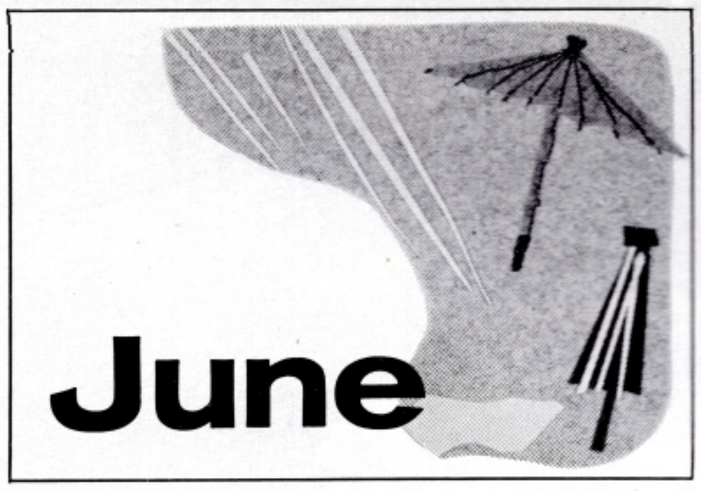
So he added a pretty little Japanese sparrow and presented them to the Lord. "Well, well, well," the Lord said with satisfaction, "sparrows from China! One, two, three, four, five, six. . . I say, there's a Japanese sparrow in here!"

"*What is this bird doing here?*" he said.

The poor merchant was so frightened he could not even answer but only groveled, shaking, on the floor.

Just then the Japanese sparrow opened up its little mouth and chirped, "I'm the interpreter."

(from *Edo Ko-banashi*)



THE MONTH OF June is a month of rain, it seems, perpetual and incessant rain. *Tsuyu* 露 is the rainy season that comes in the transitional period from spring to summer when the moisture condenses and falls, condenses and falls, sometimes continuously for ten days or so. Then it clears off for a short period and begins again. The calendar sets the debut of this long rain on June 11th, but of course it varies from year to year. It may begin as early as mid-May, or it may hold off until mid-June. At any rate, by the middle of June, the entire country except for the nothernmost island of Hokkaidō comes under the sway of this heavy, gloomy weather.

Some time ago, the abundant rain of this season was considered indispensable for bedding out the young rice plants, and farmers used to pray to the gods for sufficient rainfall, until modernized agricultural technology rendered the rain superfluous. The constant rain of June has come to be regarded merely as an annoyance on account of the rarity of sunny days and excessive humidity. Bacteria and molds of all kinds proliferate abundantly in this season, and it is generally considered the worst time of the year.

Hydrangea

Ajisai, the "hydrangea" blooming through the mist of the soundless gentle rain, provide a comfort that diverts the mind from the melancholy June.

So many petit flower clusters form a round ball-like blossom of hydrangea that it is often called the pretty hand-ball. It is also known as the "rainbow flower" for the flower starts out green, changes gradually to white, then to purplish blue, and finally pale pink.

Many plants found in Japan today originate in China, but this is not so with the hydrangea. Hydrangea is a specialty of Japan, first exported to China long ago, and then introduced to Europe in 1790 when Sir Joseph Banks transported the plant from China to the Royal Botanical Gardens in London.

Soon after the introduction of hydrangea into Europe the blossoms began to display a tint of rouge. Research conducted on this sudden change revealed that the color of hydrangea depends on the constitution of the soil in which it grows. When planted in acid soil, the flowers tend to be bluish, while a basic soil induces a pinkish tint.

The botanical name "hydrangea" is a combination of the Greek "hydr-" and "-angea" bestowed on the plant by a German scholar, Philipp F. von Siebold.

Siebold came to Japan in 1822 as the physician attached to the Dutch factory located in Nagasaki. There, he vigorously engaged in teaching medicine and other Western sciences to Japanese intellectuals who were cut off from Western civilization by the Tokugawa Shōgunate's policy of isolation. Siebold must have felt lonely as a foreigner living in an alien country, so far away from Germany, his motherland. He developed a passionate affection for Kusumoto Taki (commonly called Otaki-san), a courtesan of the Maruyama entertainment district in Nagasaki.

Later, after he was deported to his homeland for the treasonous act of trying to take Japanese maps out of the country, he published a scholarly botanical study called *Flora Japonica*, and named one of the hydrangeas "Otakisa," probably a shortened form of "Otaki-san." Siebold felt the image of his love in the flower carrying an air of lovely perplexity as it blooms in the mist and rain.

If you happen to visit Japan in the rainy month of June, you must remember to take a look at the purely Japanese ajisai with their showy flowers, favored so for designs on women's summer kimono printed in their delicate shades of blue. In this coolly tinted blossom, the Japanese perceive the profile of a beauty who is absorbed in a faintly melancholy mood.

Ayu

IT IS ALSO June when *ayu* or "Japanese river trout" season begins all over Japan. This fish has been presented with the title, "king of the river fish."

A world-famous ichthyologist, Dr. D. S. Jordan, who has a number of outstanding research achievements including important findings on Japanese fishes to his record, once made the following statement on ayu:

". . . The one fish of all its fishes ins' the Ayu . . . Its flesh is white and tender, and so very delicate in taste and odor that one who tastes it crisply fried or broiled feels that he has never tasted real fish before."

The ayu is a fish of the family *Salmonidae* and resembles the lake trout in its appearance. It is a freshwater fish that reaches twenty and some centimeters when full-grown. In Japan, the fish inhabits all regions ranging from the northernmost to the southernmost rivers,

but it is not found in other parts of the world with the exception of the Korean peninsula and Taiwan, and there only in limited numbers. It is almost correct to call it a Japanese specialty. Ayu is and has always been one of the favorite fishes of the Japanese, for its slim and sprightly appearance and its "nobility"—the fish restricts its habitation to cool, clear, fresh water as though intent on satisfying the taste of Japanese gourmets.

Kojiki (Records of Ancient Matters) and *Nihonshoki* (Chronicles of Japan), both 8th century documents, relate a myth related to the ayu:

It happened before Emperor Jimmu received the crown to the throne as the first Emperor of the Imperial family. He was struggling to subjugate the provincial rulers of Japan, and he progressed in his drive for domination to Mt. Takakura. One evening, he had a dream. The dream was a revelation telling him, "Take some clay from the shrine of Ama no Kaguyama and from it make eighty pieces of flat earthenware and one jar; then pray to the gods of heaven and earth, and your wish to govern the nation will come true."

Prince Jimmu believed the divine message and did as he was told with the earth taken from Ama no Kaguyama. He filled the jar with saké, and sank it in the nearby Nibu River with the invocation, "I have just sunk the sacred jar. If the fishes large and small become intoxicated and float upon the surface of the river, I will know that I can rule over the nation." The tipsy fishes did drift on the surface and the Prince soon became the Emperor. Thus did it come to pass, says the myth, in B. C. 660.

The story does not give a clear account of what kind of fish became inebriated, but one of the seven Imperial standards called *Banzai-ki*, flags invoking the everlasting prosperity of the Imperial family and used on special occasions such as coronations, is designed with a sacred jar and five ayu; hence it is assumed that the fish that appeared in the myth must have been ayu.

The ayu is an anadromous fish that lives both in the sea and river at different stages of its life span. The eggs, which are spawned from around October to December under the sand and pebbles of the river bed in the lower reaches, hatch within three weeks or so. The tiny spawn measure about three millimeters apiece. They are washed out to the coastal waters, and they pass the winter there feeding on plankton. Around March or April when the water at the river mouths warms up to 15 degrees (59°F) centigrade or so, the fry, by then 6–7 centimeters long, swim up the stream in shoals. In the early stages of life, they live on tiny insects and crustaceans, but when they start to reach adolescence, they become vegetarians and switch to aquatic weeds that grow on rocks at the river bottom. The ayu reach the heyday of their youth in May and June. The vivacious way the young ayu swim about in this season has yielded a popular Japanese phrase, "like a young ayu," to imply something is brisk and lively.

Ayu fishing season opens around this time. They are angled using bait in a way that takes advantage of the ayu's particular habits. The hook is inserted in the tail of a live ayu and cast into the river. Because the ayu lives on duckweeds, it has to secure a certain surface area where the weeds grow for its own. Therefore, once he finds a trespasser poaching on his ground, he grapples with the intruder . . . and most likely gets the hook for his pains.

Those who successfully elude the hook swim further up the river to where water is clear. They eat well and grow well in the upper stream until they become mature around September and come down to spawn in the river bed of the middle and lower stream. When the spawning season is over, the ayu's life is also over. Because of its limited life span, the ayu is sometimes called *toshi-zakana*, the "one-year fish."

Angling for ayu in cool, clear mountain streams.

The refined taste of the fish matches the graceful look of it. Since they eat only weeds in the water when they are mature, ayu possess an exquisite flavor that suggests the tinted blue of limpid clear streams. The Japanese people adore the taste of this fish caught in June and July; ayu broiled over a fire is a much looked-forward-to delicacy of the early summer in Japan. 東

←

Ajisai—the lovely melancholy lady of June (Photo by Maeda Shinzo)

Who do you see at 6-10, Phillip Street, Singapore, 1, Singapore ?

The same man you see at 100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10005. He sits in more than 120 offices, representatives, affiliates, and associated institutions located in that many cities all over the world. The Bank of Tokyo places no man in an overseas chair, wherever it may be, until he has attained a thorough knowledge of banking matters, both foreign and domestic. This education, combined with years of on-the-job experience, enables him to deal with any knotty financial or banking problems, particularly international capital transactions.

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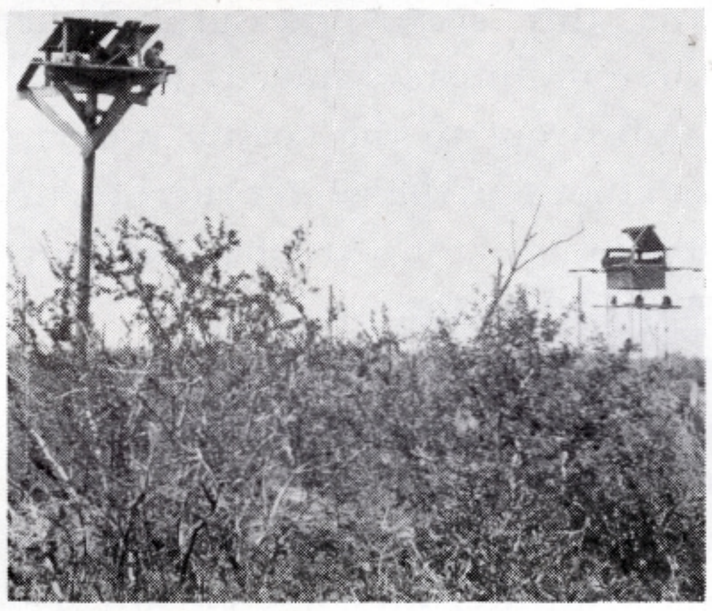
Treeless in Laredo

THE SPECIAL character of Japanese monkeys has already been introduced in THE EAST and the potato-washing, pyramid-climbing, monkey-cultured beasts (?) should be all too familiar to you by now. But what happens when these Japanese characters are put in a different environment? Researchers wanted to know the answer to this question too and so in February of last year they took 150 Japanese monkeys from Arashiyama in Kyōto



to a new home in Laredo, Texas, U.S.A.

After one year of observation, monkey-watchers recently submitted a report to an academy in Kyōto. A border town, Laredo has no tall trees such as the monkeys are accustomed to. Rather, it sits on a plain where it collects a fair amount of heat. In case they proved to be discontented with their new living quarters, an electrified fence was put up around the compound. The monkeys were undoubtedly quite surprised to find themselves in such totally unfamiliar surroundings but they soon put their monkey brains to work and did a very fine job of adapting to circumstances they certainly would not have chosen themselves if someone had asked them.

Monkeys live in trees, as any first-grader will tell you, and trees don't live in deserts. Since they couldn't leave the poor monkeys to sleep out in the heat, the researchers kindly fixed up a house five meters above ground. The monkeys promptly moved in, called it home and began the business of adapting. The first thing they *stopped* doing was walking around in the daytime as they had in shady Japan. Making it their rule to take siestas during the day, they started doing their food hunting after dark. One of the basic monkeyways they did not chuck, however, was the boss-centered society. Clustered in clear ranks around their illustrious leader, the monkeys discovered 17 edible kinds of plants and insects within the first month. After four experimental months, their menu had increased to fifty kinds. One wonders if human beings in a similar situation could pioneer so admirably.

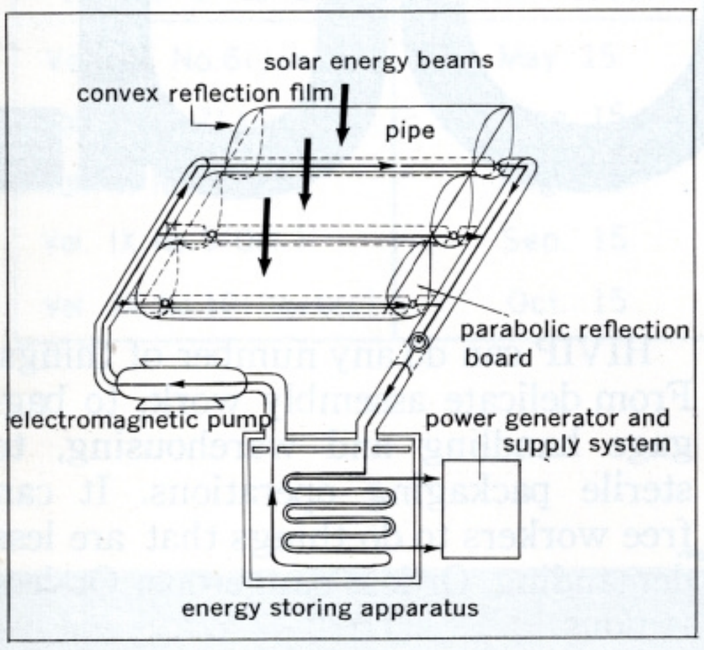
The only major hitch they encountered was an epidemic caused by a virus carried by flies which by summer claimed the lives of all but two of the 27 baby monkeys born that spring. The setback was only temporary, however, and 147 healthy monkeys are at present making a good living off the admittedly sparse land. They do owe a vote of thanks to their human protectors, though, who take them presents of the good old home foods, have built them their own pond and intend to do everything possible to make the colony a success.

Capturing the Sun

SCIENTISTS HAVE estimated alarmingly that the earth's petroleum and coal deposits will run out by the end of this century. Alerted to the urgency of the energy crisis, every nation in the world seems to be searching desperately for a new source of energy. For the moment, the most promising area seems to be utilization of solar heat to replace the conventional fuels that are

on the verge of hitting rock bottom. The United States National Aeronautics and Space Administration is currently conducting a research project on this subject, trying to transport by way of microwaves power generated by a panel equipped with a solar battery that is to be shot into a stationary orbit. Such a prodigious project is, of course, up to the US, while in Japan a similar idea was materialized in a miniature model. The Electrotechnical Laboratory of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry has recently completed a prototype of the solar power generator.

The apparatus can be attached to the roof of a house, and linked to a larger unit. A pipe placed in the focal region of the parabolic glass case is heated by the sun's rays. The convex glass cover is coated with a highly selective film that concentrates the incoming solar energy but does not allow the captured heat to escape. The energy conversion efficiency of the current model stands at 50% and it is hoped to raise this figure to 70% in the near future.



The gaseous helium in the pipe is heated by the sunbeams up to 500° centigrade (932°F); this heat is converted to power that activates the generator.

Let us assume that 15 days a month are sunny days, and the sun shines five hours a day on the average. Then a ten-square-meter collector device could concentrate 280 thousand kilocalories of solar energy—sufficient to operate the cooling and heating systems and the refrigerator for domestic use. This is to say the solar power generator can save 30% of the energy consumed by an average household, thus postponing the final drainage of petroleum and coal.

If an energy-storing device for cloudy and rainy days can be developed, this apparatus—which does away with expenses for fuel and contamination of the environment—may go into mass production, and someday it may become competitive enough with the existing energy sources to gain wide use. If the device is developed into a giant installation, the cost of generating power will be half as much as what it costs by steam and atomic power plants. The ingenious inventor of this solar power generating device is Dr. Horigome Takashi of the Energy Transport Section of the Electrotechnical Laboratory.

Disposing of Radioactive Wastes

Six researchers from the Japan Atomic Energy Research Institute and the Institute of Physical and Chemical Research, headed by Professor Emeritus of Tokyo University, Dr. Kimura Kenjirō recently announced their development of an epoch-making system to change the dangerous by-products of atomic power supply, radioactive wastes, into harmless substances by the injection of neutrons.

Liquid radioactive wastes in their model are first separated into Cesium (Cs 137), Strontium (Sr 90), and Krypton (Kr 85), separation achieved by circulating the Cs 137 alone through the pipe (as in the diagram) and then injecting high-energy and high-speed protons obtained in the proton accelerator. When the proton beam hits Cs 137, innumerable particles of intense, high energy neutrons are emitted in a beam that causes nuclear transformation of Cs 137. Then the highly charged neutrons pass through

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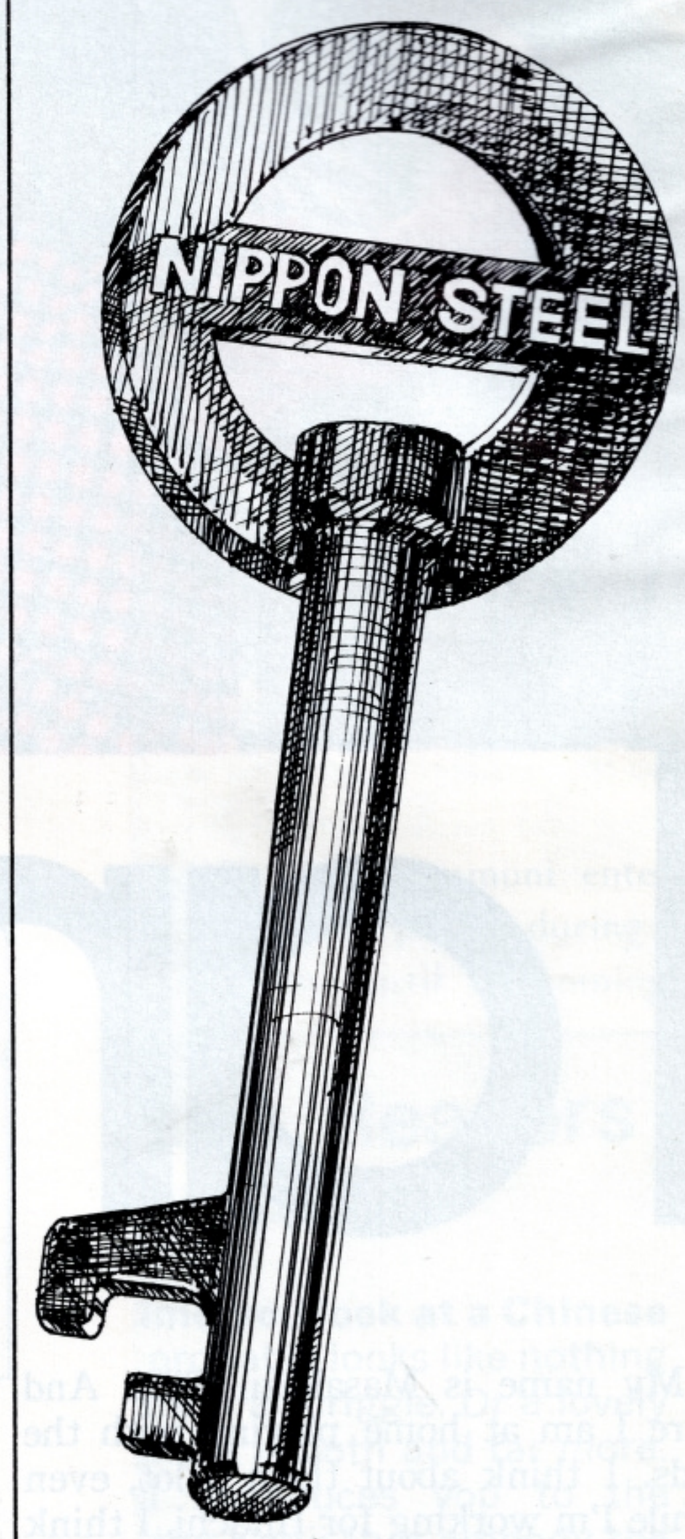

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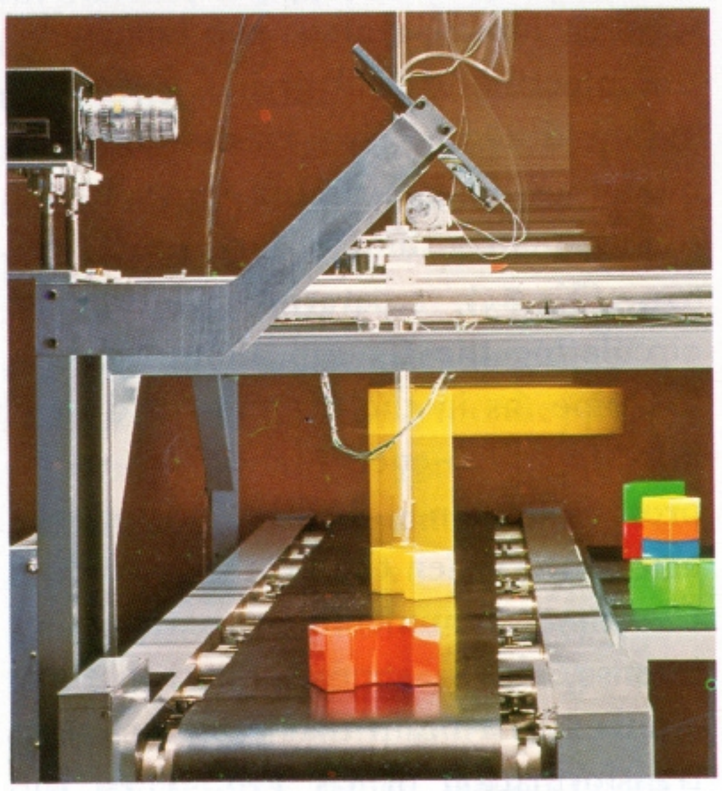
I am you.

My name is Masakazu Ejiri. And here I am at home playing with the kids. I think about them a lot, even while I'm working for Hitachi. I think about them because I worry. About their happiness, about their welfare, and about the world they'll have to live in.

So I work hard.

One of my most successful projects is HIVIP—the Hitachi Visual Image Processing robot. Briefly, HIVIP is a hand-eye system. Comprising a TV camera, hooked up to a computer, hooked up to a servo control hand, set up above a conveyor belt. The TV camera sees objects, the computer recognizes them, and the hand rearranges them as they move along the conveyor.

HIVIP may sound simple, but it isn't. It's a big step toward developing a true artificial intelligence. And I worked years on it.



HIVIP can do any number of things. From delicate assembly work, to baggage handling and warehousing, to sterile packaging operations. It can free workers to do things that are less demanding. Or less dangerous. Or less tedious.

And that's where the kids come in.

I'm working to build a world where everyone can have a meaningful job. A better world. Not just for my children, but for your children too.

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And I am you.

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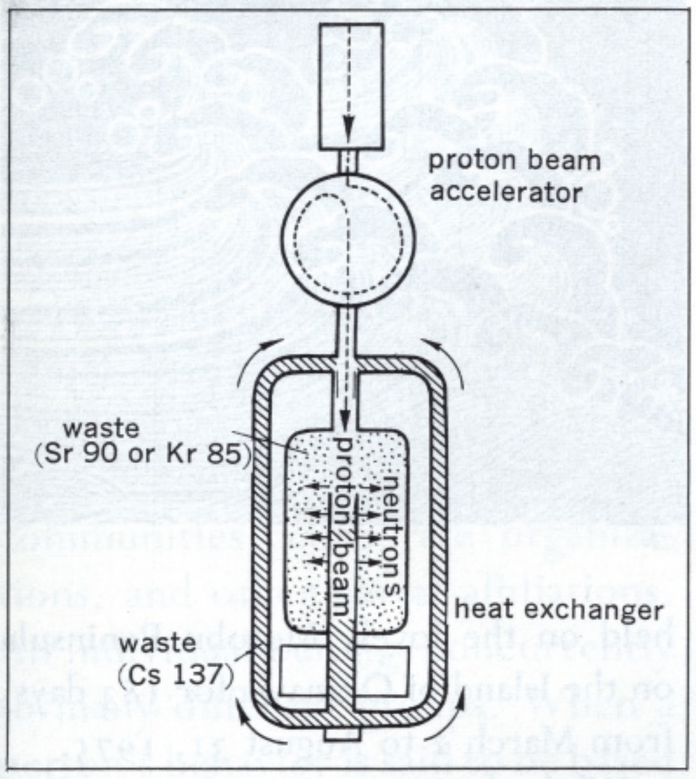
the pipe to hit the Sr 90 and Kr 85 in the adjacent tank, transforming them in turn. Employment of this chain reaction shortens the half-life of Cs 137 from the normal 30 years to only 13 days and, moreover, causes the substance to be transmuted to the harmless Barium. The half-life of Sr 90, 28



years, is reduced to 53 days and it changes into Yttrium, also harmless; Kr 85 with its 11-year half-life is changed into the stable isotope Krypton 86 which is non-radioactive.

The formidable difficulties this project faces are twofold—technical problems and the colossal cost. The intense radiation and high energy neutron beams can damage the apparatus itself, so a radiation resistant material has to be found first, and a device has to be developed to cool off the intense heat. The cost is another problem. According to the trial estimate, it will cost: 235 billion yen to construct the proton accelerator which requires 10 billion volts (10 Ge V.), 65 milliamperes, for operation; 54.4 billion yen to build an atomic power plant to provide electricity to operate the accelerator; and another 58.6 billion yen for the isotope separator, a device needed prior to proton acceleration. All together the initial estimated cost skyrockets to 348 billion yen, with an annual operational cost of 14.4 billion yen.

However high the cost, there can be no real nuclear age until we can assure the safe disposal of radioactive wastes. Professor Kimura and his colleagues have tentatively started with a model one-twentieth the actual size and are progressing with more fundamental research, while asking various sectors of the nation to render cooperation so that as soon as possible the model can be put to real use.

Bound For Mercy

PATHETICALLY BOUND, wound and rewound with a myriad of ropes, a stone figure stands at the entrance to Nanzō-in, a temple in Tōkyō's Katsushika Ward. The statue thus miserably fettered is a Buddha, the familar bodhisattva of the people, Jizō. His condition has earned this image the nickname *shibarare-Jizō*, "the tied-up Jizō."

Jizō (*Ksitigarbha*) is the merciful bodhisattva who appeared on earth after the Buddha Sakyamuni entered Nirvana to save the people during the Buddha-less time until the coming of

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the next Buddha, Miroku (*Maitreya*). You know him from his head shaved like a priest, the robe he wears and the precious ball in his left and staff in his right hand. He is known in Japan as the patron saint of children and has been worshipped from early times (particularly after the Kamakura Period) by aristocrats, lords and common people alike. As Jizō also protects travelers, stone statues can be found everywhere throughout Japan.

If Jizō is indeed such a beneficent being, why, one naturally wonders, should anyone want to tie him up?

Back in the Edo Period, a certain clothing merchant who had come a very long way and was very very tired fell into a doze before the statue of Jizō. While he was asleep a robber relieved him of everything he had on his back. The merchant appealed to famous Edo Magistrate Ooka Echizen who immediately launched an investigation and soon caught the criminal. From that time on it became practice to tie ropes around the Jizō statue to keep away thieves from one's home.

Judging from the various written prayers attached to the ropes, this Jizō's duties expanded from warding off robbers to include lending his powers to students who wish to pass the examination to get into a good university, assistance in matters of love and marriage and any number of other vital affairs.

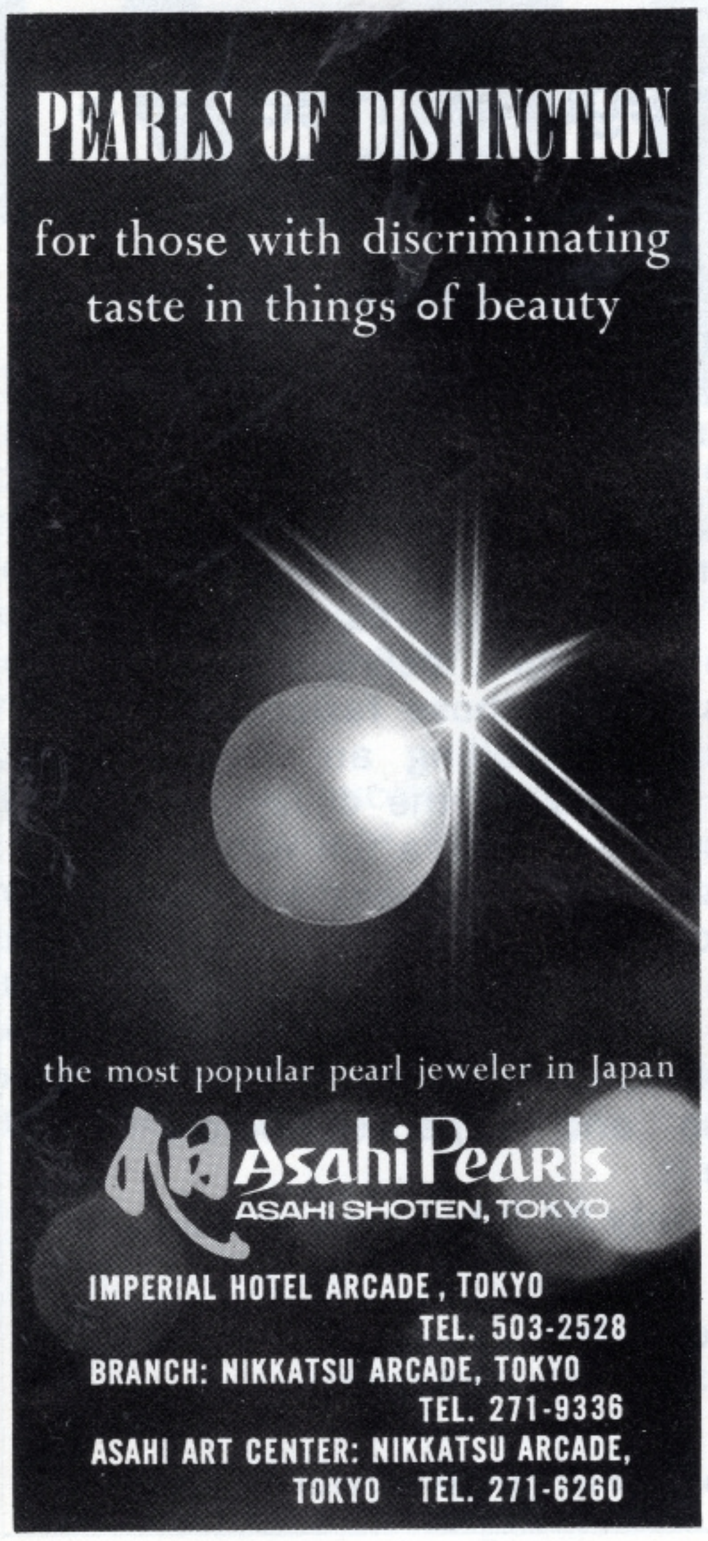
The petitioners promise in turn to remove the ropes if their prayers are granted. Either the bodhisattva is a slacker or he lacks the proper influence, or people who have gotten what they want conveniently forget their part of the bargain, for the situation is as you see in the photograph. Far from diminishing, the ropes seem to increase year by year, and poor Jizō can now peep out of the vast cage of bindings that enclose him.

He looks like a saint who needs saving!

Marine Expo '75

MYTHICAL JAPAN was a land of plenty, with the "bounty of the mountains" (*yama no sachi*) and the "bounty of the sea" (*umi no sachi*). Many of the mysteries of this "last frontier on Earth" have yet to be plumbed and already the oceans are in danger from the wastes of civilization. Concern over "the mother sea becoming the sick sea" lends a serious note to what promises to be a lively and exciting series of events—the International Ocean Exposition scheduled to be held on the lovely Motobu Peninsula on the Island of Okinawa for 183 days, from March 2 to August 31, 1975.

While the Marine Expo '75 is still in the planning stages, it sounds more and more intriguing all the time. Through the theme "The Sea We Would Like to See" the Exposition aims to face head on the problem of creating an environment where man, nature and artificial structures blend to form a harmonious whole. The most modern technology will be called upon to create the Aquapolis, a floating island with an entire system of sea-based facilities. There will be an ocean ranch, a subsurface park and of course an aquarium. The seaside bazaar and offshore promenade will make it possible to fully appreciate the natural beauty of ocean-locked Okinawa, while exhibitions of fish, ethnology and history, science and technology and ships show you how great has been the role of the sea in the development of man and civilization. Also scheduled are sports events, subsurface animal shows, lectures, concerts and folk festivals related to the ocean. The choice came to rest upon Okinawa not only because of the outstanding beauty of this subtropical island, but because its exemplary marine loveliness may be the next to fall to the ravages of advancing technology. You may well watch the course of the Expo '75 with interest. 東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和 Wa---The Principle of Harmony In Japanese Management

by Hazama Hiroshi

GROUPISM OR THE group-centered tendency is the unmistakable characteristic that identifies Japanese behavioral patterns yet today, whereas in the West individual-centered orientation is still predominant. Any society is made up of various groups—families, communities, corporate organizations, and other social affiliations. An individual belongs concurrently to many different groups. When a person's behavior is said to be based on the group-centered principle, upon what group of all the existing social groups is the paramount importance placed?

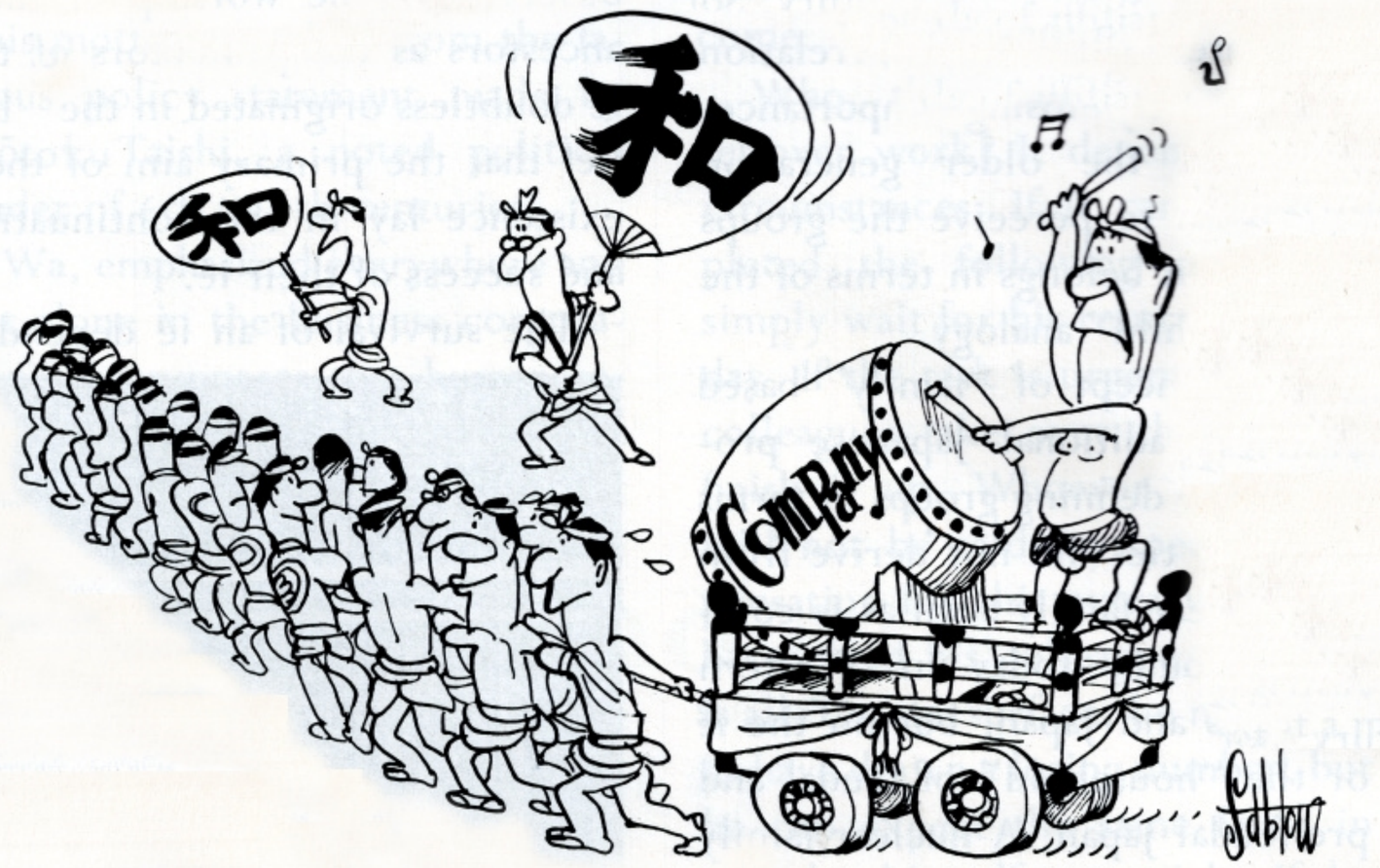


Illustration by Yutenji Saburō

In the case of Japanese society, the "family" has traditionally been given the cardinal role. In other words, Japanese have always idealized the human relationship that is observed in a typical, respectable family, and any group is considered desirable that is shaped after the "ideal family integration." In this sense, the group-centeredness of Japanese is a manifestation of their family-centered values. For example, a Japanese sees an ideal relationship between a superior (*oyabun*) and his subordinate (*kobun*) as exemplified in that of the parent (*oya*) and the child, (*ko*), and an ideal relationship of colleagues in that of brothers and sisters in a family.

Why was the family chosen as a model and not another group? The reason is simply that the family is the most primitive and naturally formed association of human beings. A family united with the willingness to share and emotional needs in common has the least amount of internal strife and the maximum degree of adaptability to the outside world. Even in various social groups other than families, the Japanese exhibit their preference for natural affiliations over functional or goal-oriented relations—a rather unique attribute of the Japanese people.

In the pre-World War II period, almost all kinds of groups were encouraged to build up personal relationships comparable to those of a family. A national political leader would say that a nation is but an expanded form of a family and that the relationship between the Emperor and his subjects does not correspond to that of the West where it is based on subjugation of the weaker by power. He would contend that the Emperor-subject relationship was more appropriately termed that of a parent and child, the Emperor as a parent protecting his children with affection, and his subjects as children obeying him with respect. The leaders of the economic sectors of the time preached that the relationship between the president of a company and his employees was not to be characterized by the labor contract per se as was the practice in the Western world but by the paternal affection of the president and the reciprocal devotion from the children or the employees—all respecting the dignity and integrity of each individual in the company. This idea was instilled in the minds of workers and the president (in the case of a small company) or the immediate boss (in a big corporation) came to be referred to with the familiar appellative *oyaji* or "old man."

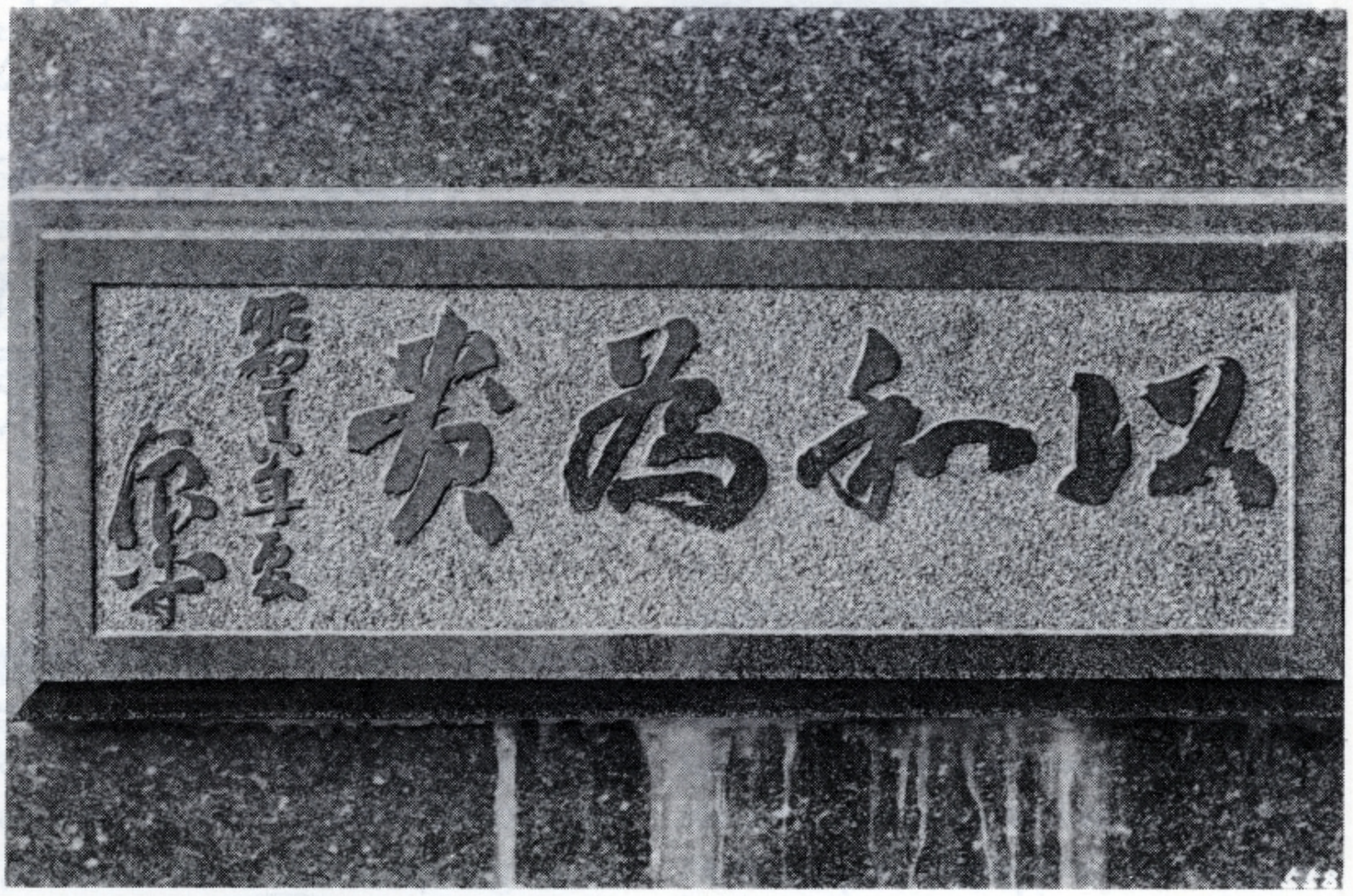
This warm interaction in the vertical relationship (superior-subordinate or senior-junior relationship) applies to almost every social

group including schools and military units and like organizations in the world of sports and entertainment. That is why all the groups in Japan have tended, in varying degrees, to possess attributes originating in the family. After the War, the augmentative interpretation of "family" in various groups came to be negated, and such a correlation is constantly losing importance. However, the older generation still tends to perceive the groups to which it belongs in terms of the "parent-child" analogy.

The concept of "family" based on the traditional Japanese proclivity for defining groups in terms of family ties did not derive from the nuclear family such as is commonly found today in Western societies and Japan, but on the *ié* or the "household" of feudal and pre-feudal Japan. A nuclear family of our times forms a consumptive unit which dissolves when both partners to the marriage pass away. However, the family system that served as the motif of ideal human relations was founded on the extended family of the feudal era or earlier times. The ié of the past was not a simple unit of consumption, it was the basis of production. Agriculture, manufacturing, commerce . . . they were all managed and operated on the basis of the ié system. In other words, the ié maintained its own business. Not only that, the ié did not disappear when the married couple died but was perpetuated, passing from the head of the house to his child and thence to his grandchild. In spite of the changes in the constituent members, the ié was a system to be handed down for generation after generation. For a long, long time—at least until the end of World War II—Japanese people saw not only the perpetuation of the ié inherited from their ancestors but its development and transmission to succeeding generations as the primary goal of their lives.

This overriding purpose in life represents the Japanese answer to the profound religious question "What does man live for?" Furthermore, an aspect of the Japanese religious attitude which can be observed in the worship of their ancestors as the protectors of the ié doubtless originated in the belief that the primary aim of their existence lay in the continuation and success of their ié.

The survival of an ié depended solely on how the members of the household managed the business. Family affection among its members alone was not sufficient to insure the prosperity of the household enterprise. The constituents had to restrain their individual interests to a certain extent and the family discipline had to be observed by each member. In feudal Japanese society, every influential ié, be they samurai, farmers, or merchants, used to stipulate *okité* or rules which the members were supposed to abide by for generations. These rules were called by several names—"household constitution," "family code," or "family instructions."



The code of Hitachi Mfg. is written on the factory gate: "Wa is most precious."

The leading Japanese *zaibatsu* (a multi-millionaire family which is at the same time a group of big corporations), the Mitsui family handed down a family code faithfully before the War. The Mitsui became powerful merchants in the financing and kimono industries as early as in the 17th century. Some rules already existed fragmentally, but in 1722, the family compiled them into a family constitution and named it the *Sōjiku-isho* 宗竺遺書. It consisted of 53 articles with detailed directions that provided for the education of their children, marriage, religion, including commercial know-how, techniques of business negotiations, management of employees and so forth. Some noteworthy aspects about the constitution are: 1. More emphasis was placed on the permanence of the ié than on the short-lived bonanza. 2. Wa or harmonious integration was considered particularly important among the household members both in vertical and horizontal relationships.

With the opening of the Meiji Period, Mitsui business activity in the fields of financing and department store operation spun off from the family into independent enter-

prises. The family constitution became outdated and was modified in the year 1900. The newly established Mitsui enterprises began to make their own rules for their employees divorced from the old family constitution. The tradition of creating what acted as a set of by-laws was not a monopoly of affiliate companies in the Mitsui zaibatsu, for other newly built enterprises also preferred to make rules for their employees, which later came to be called *shazé* (社是) or *shakun* (社訓) both meaning "corporate maxims."

The corporate maxims stipulate the fundamental policies of the enterprises similar to the business creed or management philosophy which serves as a guideline for a Western enterprise.

The corporate maxims retain some characteristics of their predecessor, the family constitution. While a business creed is open to the public, articulating the fundamental policy of the company in an effort to establish good public relations, the corporate maxims are disseminated and maintained only inside the company concerned. And the emphasis in the maxims is placed on the stable continuity of the industry rather than a rapid development, as was also the case with the family constitution, whereas the business creed of an American company most likely regards the development of the corporation to be of prime importance. Another contrast in context between the corporate maxims of a Japanese corporation and a business creed of an American enterprise lies in the fact that the former emphasizes wa or the harmonious integration of its members while the latter stresses maximum competition.

In any event, the Japanese corporations maintain the social tradition of the home industry era, and still regard wa as an essential fabric of their organizations.

The Hitachi Manufacturing Company, a much newer industry than Mitsui that came into being after the 1930s, and now one of the major enterprises in the world as well as in Japan, says in its motto, "Wa is deemed most precious." This motto was taken from the famous policy statement made by shōtoku Taishi, a noted political leader of 6th to 7th centuries.

Wa, emphasized everywhere and not alone in the business corporations, presupposes that human relationships within the ié of the past are ideal. Therefore, wa is not achieved by cooperation in expectation of calculated gains but is a natural outcome of the similarly natural desire to coexist happily with others. The reciprocal affection manifested in the parents' protection of their children and the children's obedience to their parents and the reciprocal respect manifested in the mutual assistance among brothers and sisters were considered to apply to the vertical and horizontal human relations in a corporate organization as well.

The following illustration might serve to elucidate how the harmonious integration works within the offices of a corporation. It has already been noted that a boss in a place of work may be called "the old man." One of the most important functions of a manager in a company is to maintain wa within his group. It is therefore imperative for a boss to know his subordinates not only on the job but off it as well. A boss has to be thoroughly familiar with his subordinates' personalities, interests, and even their family situations. In short, he is anticipated to play the role of a substitute parent to his company "children." To cite an example, if one of his subordinates suddenly gets sick and leaves the office earlier than usual, the subordinate's salary will be cut according to the company rule. The paternal boss, in this case, without letting the company know the truth makes it look as though he himself has sent his employee out on a business trip. Consequently, his subordinate does not have to suffer the loss in income.

Who, then, takes care of his leftover work? It depends on the circumstances. If it can be completed the following day, they simply wait for his return the next day. If the task is urgent, then his colleagues take over the job and finish it up. Whoever helps him will not be paid any special compensation for this extra work. He has helped his colleague, and that is all. On the surface, he may seem to have drawn a losing number, but he can expect the same favor in case he himself gets sick. If he refuses to participate in this give-and-take in time of need, he will suffer when he needs somebody's assistance in turn.

A boss is also entrusted with assisting his subordinates in other ways: he introduces promising mates to his bachelor junior workers, he often acts as best man at his subordinates' wedding receptions, he even acts sometimes as a counsellor for their personal problems. Before the War, it was quite common practice for a manager to take money from his own pocket for his subordinates when they were broke. In answer to this unlimited protection and help a boss's subordinates display absolute loyalty. So when a worker does his job with a maximum sincerity and diligence, it is not simply because he is a responsible person or he desires a quick promotion and higher income, but also because he wants to demonstrate the personal loyalty he feels to the man who looks out for him.

The harmonious atmosphere of company employees is felt even outside their office hours. Co-workers often go drinking together after work. The company arranges group tours to resort areas in spring and autumn to promote further amicable relations among its personnel. If anybody in the office gets married, the rest of the staff get together to congratulate him with monetary gifts and other wedding presents. In return, the person who is getting married invites his colleagues to the wedding reception. In time of mourning, fellow workers in the office present the bereaved family with solatium, render help at the funeral, and even take a day off to help the family. The Japanese workers try to share both happiness and misery together in this manner.

(The custom of gift-giving within the company may not in itself be peculiar to the Japanese society, but what makes it distinctive is the manner of presenting such gifts. In a Japanese company where seniority and formality play significant roles, even wedding presents are given accordingly. A printed form with columns to list names and the amount of each gift is circulated. The extent of circulation, whether it is limited to a section, a department, or extended to the whole company, depends on the seniority and ranking of the one getting married. Customarily, the highest ranking manager puts his name and amount on the top of the list, and the form is handed down the line to the lowest rank, that is non-managerial personnel. As if there exists a tacit agreement, the ranks and the amounts correspond to each other—the higher you are, the more you pay. And it is regarded either extremely impudent or mean if you give more or less than your colleagues, unless you are a very close friend of the person getting married. If the company one works for happens to be a giant corporation, even the lowest ranking clerk may have to anticipate a minimum of 3,000 to 5,000 yen a month for such congratulatory expenditures, and the amount could go up to 10,000 to 20,000 yen a month for a manager. In some cases, you may know the recipient only by name, but still "togetherness" embodied in the principle of wa extends to the brother or sister you do not know personally. The same holds true for funerals.)

It goes without saying that not all business organizations in Japan maintain the degree of wa presented in this article. But it still holds true that offices with the maximum atmosphere of wa have always been considered most desirable.

The harmonious interaction is regarded as exceedingly important not only within a company but in its relations with other business organizations. Many Japanese corporations, particularly large ones, have numerous subsidiaries under them. The relationship between a big corporation and its subsidiary is not established at such time as the need arises; they maintain a continual and long-standing relationship. The nature of their relationship is precisely expressed in the naming; that is, the big corporation is a parent company and its subsidiaries are child companies. The same protection-obedience relationship based on a principle of mutual consideration applies here, too. The parent company provides the child companies with the necessary capital, technology, and manpower. The parent also makes sure that business orders are constantly directed to the child companies. In other words, the child companies, as long as they trust and depend on their parent company, can somehow survive when a recession hits their business. In return, the child companies of course meet the demands of their parent company.

This stable and continual relationship is often maintained between different industries of similar size, and is not limited only to the vertical relationship of a parent company and its child companies. The horizontal ties among different businesses within the same zaibatsu, like the Mitsui Group, Mitsubishi Group, and Hitachi Group form large combines. Within one group you find trading, insurance and real estate companies, banking institutions, all sorts of manufacturing enterprises. The relationship between the member companies of a group is ideally that of brothers and sisters always willing to help each other. As a matter of fact, these companies call their partners "this sister company" or "that brother company."

So, this concept of wa originating in the family relationship of the ié system expanded its influence to include relationships within and among companies and distinguishes Japanese business management from that of the West. The Japanese companies and zaibatsu have firmly established the powerful and stable management they now enjoy owing greatly to the principle of wa which has served as a binding force among the men working for them. It is wa, on one hand, that has acted to drive Japan forward to achievement of the rapid economic growth the country enjoys today, and on the other hand, that concomitantly serves to perpetuate certain contradictions within the Japanese business world: that is, small enterprises are destined to remain as child companies and the gap between the powerful business groups and small industries never narrows under this discipline imposed by wa. 東

The Petticoat Shōgun Hōjō Masako

by Higuchi Chiyoko

You may like her or you may not. But you certainly will be fascinated to find that a woman like Hōjō Masako existed in the history of Japan.

Completely lacking in ostentation, Hōjō Masako is one of the most outstanding female figures who, at one time or another, acted to shape Japan. The "nun general" as they called her was doubtless the most intrepid woman of all women who ever made men bow before her. Whether she was a lovable woman or not is another question.

Two episodes especially serve to bring her personality into relief: One time when her husband had a love affair, she sent an assassin without the slightest hesitation to put an end to her temporary rival. Her very forthrightness evokes less an image of hysterical savagery than a slightly bizarre reaction and many will find themselves admiring rather than condemning Masako's daring disposition.

Then, too, when Yoritomo, having succeeded in raising his standard over the Kantō Plain, was planning to proceed to Kyōto in an effort to exhibit his power, Masako dissuaded him. She feared that Yoritomo might be converted to the refined courtly ways of Kyōto and lose his rough Kantō fighting spirit, just as the Taira Clan had done —a major cause of their downfall.

Yoritomo had shown great shrewdness in establishing the Shōgunate in Kamakura, in not forgetting who they really were. Masako seems to have had a penetrating insight into the weaknesses of men including and perhaps especially those of her husband.

In any case, Masako resided in the nucleus of the Kamakura administration, leading a difficult and eventful life surrounded by plots to poison and murder—accepted necessities among provincial bushi. With inborn insight, Masako hurdled the obstacles one by one. Her passions almost seemed to get the better of her, but not quite, and she knew her place. . .she was strong but never took the lead, always placing her husband Yoritomo ahead. In short, in Masako's veins ran the blood of the daughter of a Kantō samurai—an untamed and vigorous lioness!

Masako Buys a Dream

HŌJŌ MASAKO WAS born in 1157 as the first daughter of Hōjō Tokimasa. The Hōjō were a powerful provincial family of Izu (Shizuoka Prefecture). The Hōjō family declared themselves to be the descendants of the Taira Clan, but in reality they were an average, ordinary provincial bushi family. Masako had two brothers, Yoshitoki and Tokifusa, who were much younger than she. They must have been very close to each other from childhood days, for they exhibited a well-coordinated teamwork in the face of difficulties which helped the family to overcome every obstacle

and to prosper where others fell by the wayside. She had a happy childhood made warm by lots of love and understanding from her brothers.

The year Masako was born, 1157, was the year subsequent to the Hōgen Insurrection, which served to establish the mounting political supremacy of the bushi class over the court nobility. The outcome of the conflict announced the new era to come—the rise of the bushi. It was a singularly appropriate time for Masako to be born.

In 1159 when Masako was merely three years old, the Heiji Insurrection broke out, a power struggle between the Taira Clan and the Minamoto Clan which resulted in victory and total political dominance for the Taira. As the price of defeat, most of the prominent generals of the Minamoto Clan such as Yoshitomo and others were all beheaded. Yoshitomo's third son Yoritomo managed to escape the death penalty because he was still quite young. He was captured in 1160 at the age of fourteen and exiled to Izu Hirugashima, an island off the coast of Izu. Hirugashima was located close to the Hōjō family's domain. As Yoritomo journeyed close to where Masako, still only four, was growing up, the fortunes not only of the two but of the Hōjō family, indeed of the whole country, moved toward determination.

Around that time, the influential provincial families who dominated Izu—Hōjō, Usami, Itō, and Kanō—all had pledged their allegiances to the Taira Clan. Yoritomo, therefore, came under their surveillance. Though he was practically stripped of every power, reduced to a political criminal on a desolate island, Yoritomo was the sole and legitimate heir of the Minamoto Clan, and it was upon him that certain discontented bushi groups placed their expectations, dreaming of the day when he would lead the clan back to greatness.

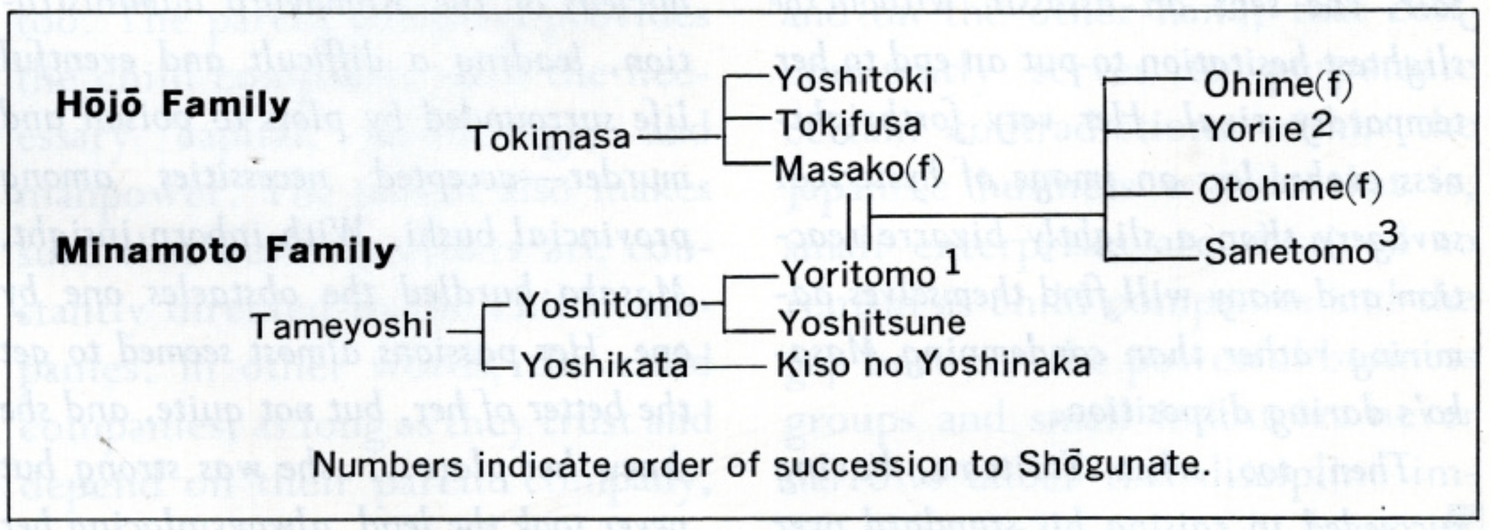
Masako was married to Yoritomo who was ten years senior to her. They were united in the year 1177 when Masako was 21. This marriage, however, did not have the blessings of Masako's father, Tokimasa; on the contrary it was more or less an elopement—an extremely rare case of a "love" marriage in feudal Japan. Even if the fact that she was an untamed country girl is taken into account, she must still be admitted to possess an incredible degree of passion and courage for the time.

It is not clear how they came to know each other or when they started to feel the growing affection, but an interesting story about their fateful encounter is given in the *Soga Monogatari* (The Revenge of the Soga Brothers; see Vol. VIII No. 5): "The elder sister was 21, and the younger 19. . .the big sister was indomitable and bright, but the little one was prettier. One night, the younger sister dreamed a strange dream in which she climbed a high ridge, catching both the sun and the moon into her kimono sleeves and ornamenting her hair with a twig of the mandarin orange tree from which three oranges hung. When Masako heard about it she exclaimed, What a horrible dream! and succeeded in scaring her sister thoroughly. The truth was that Masako recognized the dream as a very good omen, a sure sign of prosperity and she wanted to make it her own. She reassured her frightened sister saying, 'I'll help you out,' and managed to obtain the dream in exchange for a beautiful mirror her father had given her.

Masako's intuition proved to be right, because a love letter from Yoritomo which was supposed to be handed to the pretty younger daughter of the Hōjō was delivered to Masako by mistake." So relates the story of the Soga brothers.

This story can hardly be taken at face value, but at any rate Masako was happily wedded to Yoritomo. It happened while her father Tokimasa was in Kyōto paying his respects to the Taira family. When he learned about it on the way back, he was the incarnation of fury. In a world that seemed to have been created for the Taira alone, it was anathema for Tokimasa to receive Yoritomo, an exile and archenemy of the Taira, as his son-in-law. Tokimasa, with rage, decided to marry his daughter off to the distinctly more acceptable Yamamoto Kanetaka who happened to be residing in Izu.

But forceably parting Masako from Yoritomo and sending her to the Yamamoto family was not going to make this strong-willed girl give up her love for Yoritomo. With a toss of her head, Masako sneaked out of the Yamamoto house one evening at midnight when it was pitch dark and a heavy rain was pouring down. Constantly peering back over her shoulder for pursu-



ers, she walked and walked the thorny mountain path all through the night, finally reaching Izuyama Gongen where Yoritomo was hiding out.

Masako's passion and decisive action are not to be looked for in the ladies of Kyōto. She was not aristocratic nor was she refined. She did as her spirit bade her, let others say what they liked.

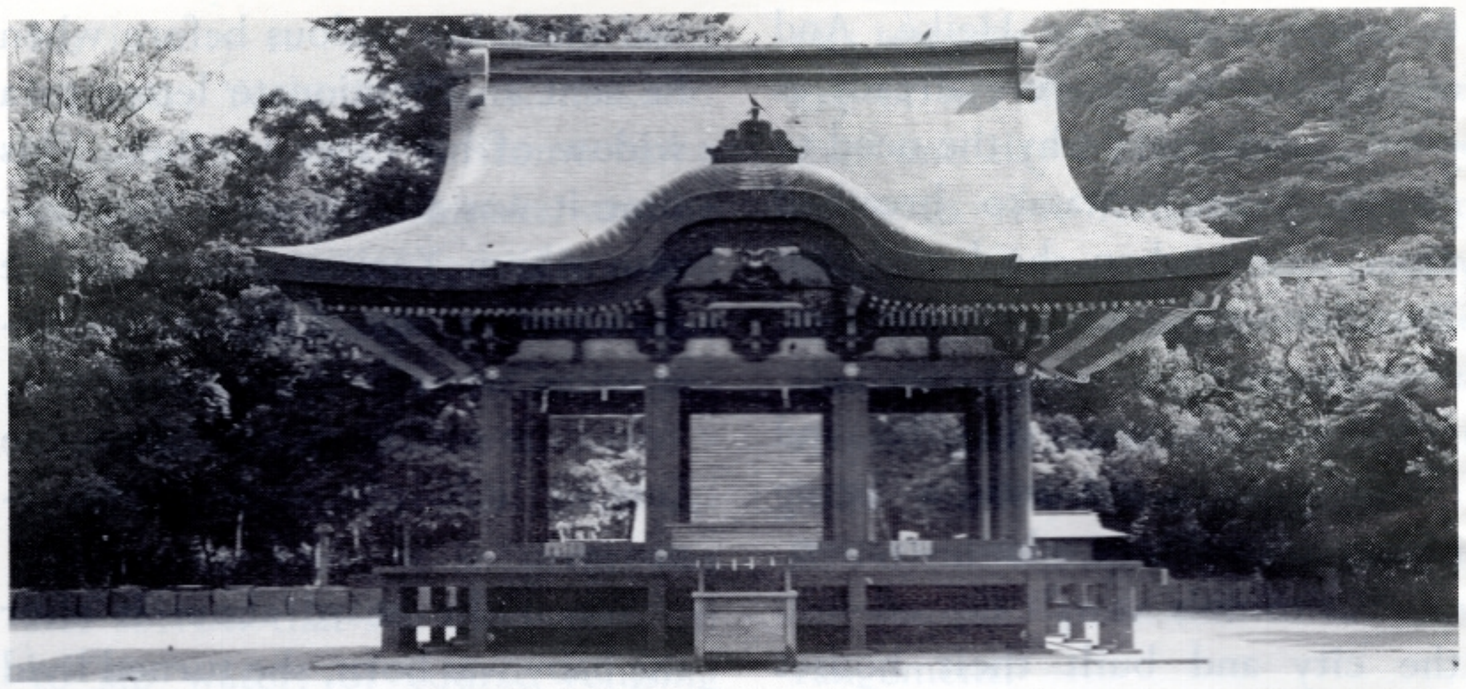
Before Yoritomo married Masako, he had had an affair with a daughter of another influential provincial bushi family, Itō Sukechika; she had conceived and borne his baby. This girl's father had been no happier about the relationship than Tokimasa over Masako's infatuation. As soon as he found out what was going on, Sukechika dragged her home by the neck, slaughtered the new-born baby, and plotted to assassinate Yoritomo. She bowed to her father in tears—the opposite of Masako in her reaction but far more common for a girl of the time.

The Masako who ran to her man even at the risk of her life once she decided he was for her was the same Masako who was later to display unfailing decisiveness in time of crisis. Not all of her actions were aimed at political gain, but much of what she did reflected considerable political acumen—probably more than an able man.

Yoritomo Triumphs and Forgives an Enemy

In June of 1180, when Masako was 24, Yoritomo raised his standard in Izu with a loud challenge to the Taira Clan. His cause was gaining support in Kyōto.

Masako did not go with Yoritomo. She remained in their hideout in Izuyama Gongen on the advice of her father Tokimasa, who by then had forgiven the couple.



Shizuka danced to her beloved Yoshitsuné before Yoritomo and Masako on this stage in front of Tsurugaoka Hachiman Shrine.

He had perceived the change in direction of the winds of fortune and figured that it would be wiser to have the promising Yoritomo as ally rather than enemy. Yet, he was still apprehensive of the Heiké (Taira Clan), and so attempted to keep Masako as inconspicuous as possible.

Yoritomo first took the head of Yamamoto Kanetaka, his one-time contender for Masako, and marched off bravely to Kyōto. In the first battle Yoritomo and his army fought at Ishibashiyama, they were defeated ignominiously. He, Tokimasa, and several others narrowly escaped with their lives and fled from Izu to Awa (Chiba Prefecture) in a tiny boat. Masako waiting in the solitude of the Izu mountains was in an anguish of worry over the safety of her husband. Only at the report confirming his escape did she take a deep sigh of relief.

Upon reaching Awa, Yoritomo immediately started recruiting troops. Within a month or so, Yoritomo's army had swelled into a massive force including most of the bushi groups in the Southern Kantō (South Eastern) Plain. In early October, Yoritomo consolidated his base in the natural fortification of Kamakura, surrounded by mountains at the rear and sides with the open sea in front.

Yoritomo wasted no time in sending a message to Masako asking her to come and join him. On October 11th, Masako entered the city of Kamakura holding their tiny girl Ōhimé in her arms. No longer was she the shadowy spouse of an exile. Pride was her right as she strode into the new military headquarters, the wife of the most powerful general in the eastern part of the country.

The reunited couple hardly had time to relax before Yoritomo donned his armor and left for battle again on October 16th.

Battalions of 70,000 Taira warriors surged up to meet them. On the twentieth of the same month, they clashed at Fuji River in the province of Suruga (Shizuoka Prefecture). Yoritomo won the battle in a sweeping victory. Emboldened by the triumph, he considered fighting his way straight on to Kyōto. But his shrewd advisors like Ōe Hiromoto and others were against it. Unwise, they said, to push too far when there were many bushi groups in the Kantō plain who still maintained their allegiance to the Heiké. They urged him to solidify his own home ground before anything else.

Masako was of the same mind. She could never rid herself of the fear that the Minamoto would be converted into boneless court aris-

tocrats just like the Heiké. And anyway the Heiké were already as good as defeated; why the need to go to Kyōto? Masako breathed more freely when she heard that Yoritomo was taking his advisors' suggestion.

Kamakura, was steadily and firmly constructed into a fitting center of military administration. As Yoritomo's vassals flowed into the city and built their houses around the axis of their lord's residence, Kamakura grew rapidly into the largest city in the Kantō region.

While Kamakura was surging with vitality, there were indications that the Heiké had reached the extremity. In February, 1181, Taira no Kiyomori, the great general of the Heiké, passed away leaving the final injunction, "I do not want flowers. You are to offer up Yoritomo's head before my tomb."

Masako was expecting her second baby the same year. When she had given birth to the first daughter earlier, Yoritomo and Masako could not be called a legitimately married couple, but this time she conceived her child as the wife of the highest general in the eastern part of the country.

In Kamakura people offered fervant prayers for a safe delivery. The promenade from Tsurugaoka Hachiman Shrine to the beach at Yuigahama was rebuilt at that time and remains today. Yoritomo himself directed the construction, and Tokimasa and other very close vassals had the privilege of paving the sacred approach with soil they carried in.

June 12, the next year (1182), Masako brought Yoritomo's heir into the world. They named him Yoriié. It was a private victory for Masako.

Masako was not totally satisfied, though, for Yoritomo's wanton nature sometimes got on her nerves. His flirtations were not few. He had made her jealous before when he sent an affectionate letter to a widow of his elder brother. This time it was a lady called Kamenomae whom Yoritomo kept in the detached residence of Fushimi Hirotsuna, one of his close retainers. Yoritomo paid frequent visits to the lady while Masako was in her pregnancy.

When she heard about it after the baby was born, she turned livid with fury.

Some generations ago in the Heian Period, Fujiwara Michinaga, whose regency marked the height of splendor in the Kyōto Court, mocked his second son who recoiled from taking a second wife, "What a milksop you are! How can you expect to be called a man if you can't have more than one wife?" Yoritomo also had lived in Kyōto until he reached adolescence and he thought it only natural to spread his attentions among a number of women. In fact Yoritomo himself had many half-brothers and sisters. Loving Masako on one hand, he could also love Kamenomae without the slightest feeling of guilt or dissonance.

But Masako had different ideas. Once she committed herself—at the risk of her life—to the burning love she felt for Yoritomo, she demanded that her devotion be rewarded with equal commitment. Being Masako, she did not waste tears of self-pity like many other women of the past, who had resigned themselves with a "c'est la vie" attitude, nor did she go along with the sentiment widely held among women of Sengoku, Edo, and Meiji who shrugged their shoulders, "A man's not a man if he doesn't have lots of women." Masako ordered her subordinates to destroy Hirotsuna's house where her rival lived, and had Hirotsuna escorted to the distant province of Ōmi.

This anecdote, however, does not go to prove that she was a fiendish bitch . . . at the same time, she was a woman who understood female compassion.

It was 1186: Yoshitsuné's girl friend Shizuka was captured in the mountains of Yoshino (a mountain range in southern part of Nara Prefecture) and was brought to Kamakura. Yoritomo's younger brother Yoshitsuné was by then a fugitive charged with high treason against Yoritomo. Shizuka had won enduring fame for her dancing in Kyōto, and her reputation had stretched to Kamakura as well. Thus when she was captured, Yoritomo ordered her to perform her exquisite art for him. The stage was set in front of the shrine at Tsurugaoka Hachiman. Wracked by her yearning for Yoshitsuné, Shizuka looked wasted and in anguish. Dressed in white costume and wearing a snow-white hat, she glided out like a swan with no sign of trepidation before her lover's foes, but with sure dignity and grace.

through deep-fallen snow
I fought against white nothingness
on Mount Yoshino
searching for lost traces of
the one who was once mine

turn, slowly turn
turn, spindle on the wheel
spinning out time—
if only you could take me back,
make yesterday be now

Her face pale white as she sang and her eyes full of tears, Shizuka danced and danced until Yoritomo could no longer control his wrath and shouted, "How dare you sing songs before me of Yoshitsuné, that dog who betrayed me!!!" Hardly had he finished his words before his hand touched the hilt of his sword. Masako immediately tried to stay her husband and at last succeeded in calming him down.

She argued with warmth in her voice.

"You and I were united when you were an exile in Izu Hirugashima, remember? My father was afraid of retaliation from the Heiké and married me off to the Yamamoto. But nothing could contain my love for you, and one dark, rainy night, I ran from there to your arms. You cannot have forgotten. And when you were gone to battle at Ishibashiyama, I was worrying my life away thinking about you. You were missing and how many nights did I pray for your safe return? Look at Shizuka, look at her tears . . . . I know exactly how she feels. If you ever appreciated my faith in you and my caring for you, please show mercy on her and forgive her."

Master though he was, Yoritomo listened to Masako's moving plea. His anger abated, he presented Shizuka with a kimono when the performance was over.

Masako could be gentle as well as ruthless.

Yoritomo Leaves Masako a Shōgunate

MASAKO HAD BEEN blessed with four children—Ōhime (elder daughter), Yoriié (elder son), Otohimé (younger daughter), and Sanetomo (younger son)—but her bond with her offspring was fated to be frail. Every one of them left her behind for the other world. Moreover Masako's political maneuvering lurks always behind the circumstances that invited their death.

Ōhimé, born in 1178, had a fiancé called Kiso Yoshitaka, the eldest son of Kiso Yoshinaka. Yoshinaka was an elder cousin of Yoritomo who had rendered distinguished service as a general in the pursuit of the Heiké. As a token of his loyalty to Yoritomo, he sent his heir, Yoshitaka, to Kamakura. Shortly after that, Yoritomo had a falling out with Yoshinaka, and he ordered Yoshitsuné to kill him and had Yoshinaka's son Yoshitaka who was being kept hostage in Kamakura put to death.

The death of Yoshitaka devastated poor Ōhimé. So great was her sorrow that she even declined to sip water, of course refusing solid food, or so they say. She was only six then, and her ill-fated love twelve. It is hard to imagine her

Minamoto Yoritomo, creator of the Shōgunate (poss. of Jingo-ji)

"loving" him as a woman does a man, but certainly they were fond of each other and played together always like a very close brother and sister.

Masako had been watching affectionately over her darling pair. When she found out that Yoritomo had ordered the killing of the little boy her fury knew no bounds. So intense was her wrath that Yoritomo had to behead the man who killed Yoshitaka at his orders. But the incident left psychological scars on Ōhimé which never healed. Grief had made her emaciated, and even when she reached womanhood, the lovely age of fifteen, the traces of her sorrow were still evident.

Concerned deeply at this, Masako went on pilgrimages to numerous temples to pray for the recovery of her daughter. It happened that one day Yoritomo's nephew came to visit Kamakura. Masako thought she saw a good opportunity and asked her daughter what she thought of marrying him. The sorrowful princess simply shook her head sideways and doggedly insisted she would drown herself if her mother persisted in the arrangement.

In 1195, three years after Yoritomo was given the honorable title of Seii-Taishōgun, (usually shortened to "Shōgun,") he took his family to Kyōto to attend the ceremony commemorating the completion of the reconstruction of Tōdaiji Temple. During their stay in Kyōto, Masako met the most influential court lady of the time, Tango no Tsuboné—the fetted concubine of the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa. Masako bowed deeply to Lady Tango and requested her to introduce Ōhimé into Gotoba's private chamber as a candidate for one of the Imperial favorites. It was not Yoritomo who had a weakness for courtly ways of life. Masako—the woman born and bred to a bushi's pride who was constantly guarding Yoritomo against conversion to the aristocratic life style—was the one who prostrated herself before a court lady and asked a favor of her. She was driven by the desperate wish to bring back a smile to the face of her daughter.

All her endeavors turned out to be fruitless as Ōhimé's condition worsened toward the end of the same year, and her sorrowful life finally came to an end in July of the following year, 1197. She was only twenty. Deeply stricken, Masako brooded over the idea of killing herself; but Yoritomo talked her out of it.

In truth, the departure of Ōhimé was but a prelude to a far greater tragedy.

The demise of Yoritomo, the great general of the Kamakura Shōgunate, came on January 13th of 1199. There are numerous rumors as to the cause of his death; some say it was contaminated water and others say fatigue, an evil spell, or an assassination, but not one of them seems to be the real truth. There is nothing heroic about the way he lost his life. It seems Yoritomo died of a stroke after being thrown from his horse. He was 53 and Masako 43.

The passing of this creator of the Kamakura Shōgunate was a hard blow to the nation. Of course the blow hit Masako harder than anybody else.

The heir, Yoriié, was eighteen and not a baby anymore, but to Masako who had survived one storm after another, he appeared too tame and wishywashy. The future promised Masako many troubles as she looked over her brood: Yoriié, Otohimé (fifteen years old then), and Sanetomo who was eight.

An old saying goes, "Misfortune never comes once only." The younger sister Otohimé departed to join her father the same year in June. She died of illness.

Her Son Proves Unworthy

At eighteen, Yoriié succeeded to the position of Shōgun. Masako, however, realized that her son had grown up shielded by far too much protection and knew nothing about the grim ways of life. It was clear to her that Yoriié lacked the dynamic disposition necessary if he was to lead the vassals as the head of the Shōgunate. She determined not to allow him the absolute authority which Yoritomo had exercised with confidence. She gave Yoriié an imperative order not to

Sanetomo was more poet than monarch.

hand down a ruling on his own judgement alone whenever a litigation was brought in, but to seek the counsel of Hōjō Tokimasa, Yoshitoki, and other vassals who were to form a thirteen-member advisory board.

Yoriié was quite unhappy with his mother's meddling. He ignored the thirteen counsellors appointed by Masako, trusting everything to five men of his own choice including his father-in-law, Hiki Yoshikazu. He lent no ear to Masako's advice but left the administrative matters to Hiki, while he himself played games, kicking and tossing a pretty ball in a circle all day long.

Internal dissension broke out between two factions among the vassals—one headed by the Hiki family in support of Yoriié's "powers to act at his own discretion," and the other upholding the power of the Hōjō family in the Shōgunate.

A tense situation arose when Yoriié who had been rather frail since his childhood finally took to his bed around 1201. Masako expected the worst to befall them at any moment, and things had to be arranged to secure the lineage. She consulted with her father Tokimasa. They decided that, out of the total domain ruled by Yoriié, 38 provinces in the western Kansai District should go to his younger brother Sanetomo, 26 provinces in the Kantō to Ichiman, the first son of Yoriié. Yoriié was outraged when he discovered the way Masako had prearranged the partitioning of his estate. He immediately sought the guidance of his wife's father, Hiki Yoshikazu, and came to the conclusion that the Hōjō clan had to be ousted. Ichiman was the apple of Yoshikazu's eye. He could admit that Sanetomo was entitled to the property to some extent, but he was convinced that the majority of it should by rights belong to his grandson Ichiman. He instilled the idea in Yoriié's head that the whole thing was a conspiracy plotted by the Hōjō to set up Sanetomo.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Masako overheard their subdued conversation in the adjoining room. She was faced with the worst dilemma of all—her original house stood opposed to her own son. Taking no action would mean the fall of the Hōjō and Sanetomo, but giving the alarm would inevitably result in the death of her son along with Hiki. Her heart and mind were racked with agitation, but she soon resolved the only way she could—that Hiki must die to assure a firm footing for the Shōgunate, the creation of her husband.

Masako wasted no time, and sent an emergency messenger to Tokimasa. The vassals of the Shōgunate soon gathered at Tokimasa's residence, and they were led from there to ambush Hiki Yoshikazu who was easily decoyed out. The rest of the Hiki family entrenched themselves in Ichiman's mansion, but they were also annihilated with little difficulty, and all the high-ranking vassals who supported Yoriié were exiled.

Only Yoriié's life was spared. He was so badly concerned that he had no choice but to depend totally on his mother's mercy. She made him enter the priesthood. Swallowing bitter tears, Masako gave him up as in no way capable enough to succeed his father as Shōgun.

It was around this time that Hōjō

Tokimasa began to take an active part in backing Masako. Tokimasa went to the Imperial Court in Kyōto to announce the Yoriié's abdication and request His Majesty to recognize the new Shōgun, Sanetomo. Sanetomo acceded to the throne as the third Shōgun in September, 1203. He was twelve.

Yoriié, on the other hand, was confined to Shūzen-ji Temple in the mountains of Izu, an arrangement made by Tokimasa. Yoriié sent letters to Masako from there appealing for her sympathy. His attempts to play on Masako's sympathies failed to shake her coolness. She had marked him as unworthy for a Shōgun; she wanted nothing to do with him.

In 1204, Yoriié died at Shūzen-ji at the age of 23. His was no natural passing, it was an assassination. It is generally believed that Tokimasa instigated it. Nobody knows for sure whether Masako caught wind of the plot beforehand or not, but even if she had known about it, she would have turned her head. Like her husband Yoritomo, for Masako the stability of the Shōgunate came first, even before her own flesh and blood.

She Loses Her Last

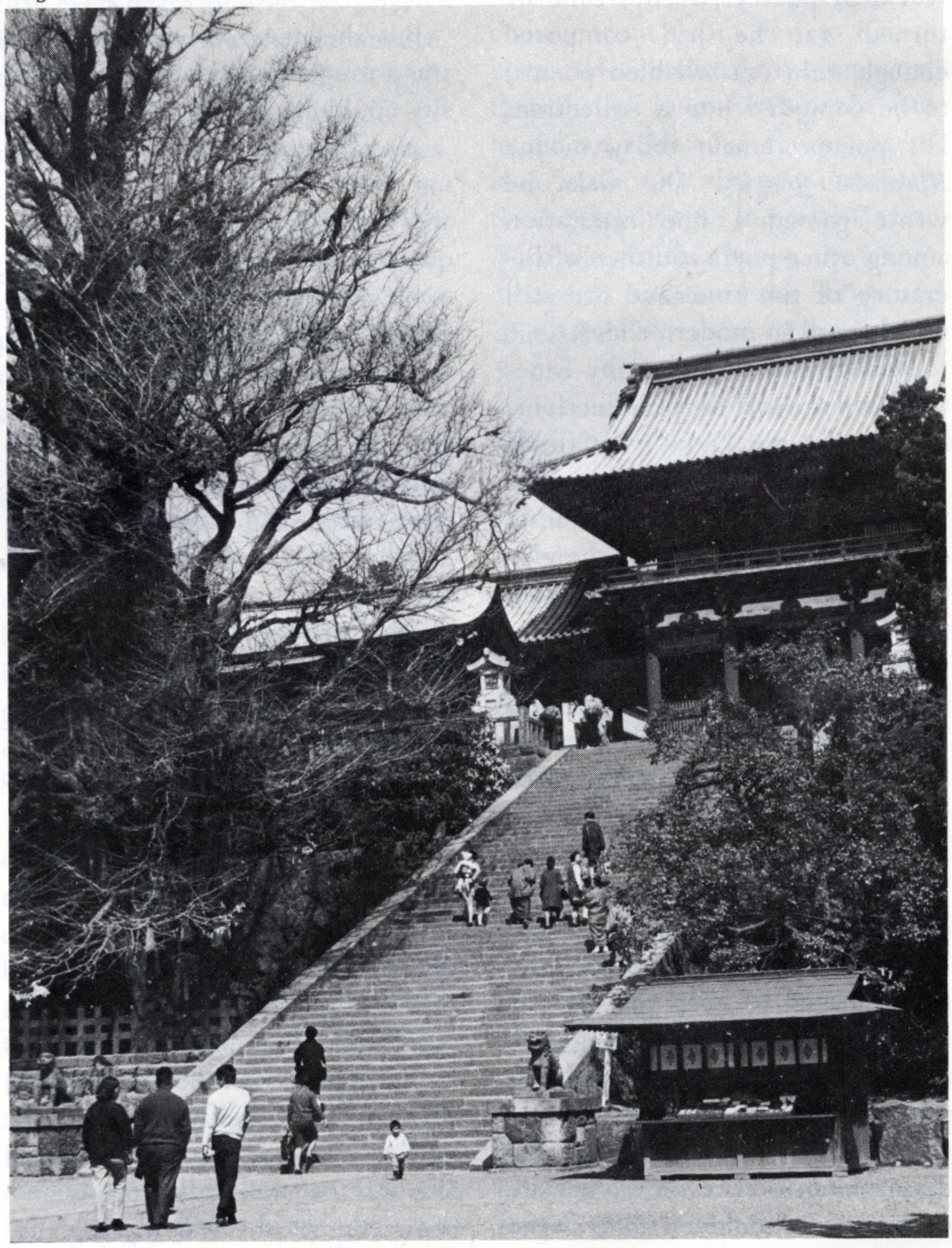
After losing three out of her four children, Masako transferred all her love and expectations to the only surviving child, Sanetomo. This child had to meet her anticipation and make himself a brave and able Shōgun. He had to succeed in carrying out what his father had left undone.

Again, Masako's hopes were dashed, by the first major decision he made: At the age of thirteen, he was considered mature enough to have a wife. Sanetomo did not choose the girl from a bushi family whom Masako endorsed, but instead he selected a young lady from a noble family of Kyōto who was recommended by Tokimasa's second wife, in other words, Masako's mother by marriage. Masako was astounded at his decision but could not be so tyrannical as to ignore the preference of her son and force an unwanted girl on him. In December of that year (1204), the bride came all the way from Kyōto. She was the same, tender age as Sanetomo and once things had been settled, Masako welcomed the girl warmly into the family.

All seemed innocent enough on the surface. But behind this union was an ugly conspiracy. Masako's mother by marriage was plotting to murder Sanetomo in due course and place her son-in-law (she shared no blood relationship with Masako) on the Shōgun's seat. To make matters worse, Tokimasa, who was in the position of Genrō or Chief Advisor to the Shōgun and therefore had the responsibility to act as Sanetomo's protector, had also been corrupted by his young wife's sweet whisperings. He gave consent to her idea.

When the treachery was within a hair's breadth of realization,

Hate-ridden Kugyō hid behind the gingko tree in front of Tsurugaoka Hachiman Shrine to fall on Sanetomo.



Masako caught on to the intrigue. She sent her men directly to Tokimasa's house and moved Sanetomo safely to the residence of Yoshitoki (her brother). She also stripped Tokimasa of all his political power, and made him retire to the recesses of a mountain in Izu. This all happened in July, 1205.

Yoshitoki subsequently presided over the Protectorship. Sanetomo was already fourteen by then. As exhibited in his inclination in marriage partners, he inherited the noble and refined qualities of Yoritomo but none of the great warrior's spirit of his father. Sanetomo gradually slipped from the area of politics and lost himself in the world of poetry. By the time he turned 22, he had composed enough *waka* (31-syllabled poems) to be compiled into a collection. His poems remain today in the *Kinkaishū* 金槐集. The waka he wrote gained a fine reputation among other poets and men of literature of the time and are still widely read in modern times.

Masako was disturbed by Sanetomo's non-worldly predilections, but she did not know what to do with him for some time. Again she was confronted with the same old conflict. To which should she give the prime importance—perpetuation of the Kamakura Shōgunate, the precious bequest of her husband, or the privilege of her son to lead his life as he wanted. A mother's love for her son at the same time brought back vividly to her mind all she had gone through with Yoritomo to build this organization and center at Kamakura. After Yoritomo's death, it was she who had managed to keep the rocking boat on an even keel, steering with all her might, though unobtrusively. When it became evident that Sanetomo was unworthy, she determined to take the Shōgunate on her own shoulders. Thus began the petticoat Shōgunate, headed by Masako who was approaching the age of sixty, and supported by Yoshitoki, her brother, and Ōé no Hiromoto, a trusted retainer since the founding of the Kamakura Shōgunate.

Masako had followed the prevailing custom and became a nun after Yoritomo passed away. This nun, however, did not devote herself to praying for the souls of the departed or going on pilgrimages to temples. She should have been able to. She would have been able to if her husband had not left her that colossal bequest called a Shōgunate, and if both her sons had been born with the ability of their father. . . .

But she never complained. She was a tough dowager and no adversity could get her down.

Masako convened a secret meeting with her "brains," Yoshitoki and Ōé Hiromoto, to discuss the question of an heir to succeed Sanetomo. He was twenty-seven and was still childless. As things stood, there was nobody left with legitimate claim to the Minamoto lineage. At the conference, Masako insisted on having a Shōgun who came from the Imperial family. Masako, who persistently avoided anything, even faintly reminiscent of the aristocratic life style of Kyōto, insisted on ties with the Court. Now that Sanetomo had disappointed her, she would run the Shōgunate in her own way. And as long as she was going to maintain a firm grip on the Shōgunate, a figurehead Shōgun would do. If we are going to have a puppet, she thought, we might as well exercise the best option . . . and she marked out the royal family.

In February, 1218, Masako left Kamakura for Kyōto accompanied by her younger brother Tokifusa. She was 62. Officially it was announced that she was making the journey to pray for Sanetomo's good health at Kumano Shrine, but the real purpose was to see Kyō no Tsubone, the most favored concubine of ex-Emperor Gotoba and highly influential in the Imperial Court.

Masako fled to Yoritomo who was in hiding near Atami at Izuyama Gongen Shrine, said to change people's fortunes for the better.

Masako appeared before the Lady Kyō and asked her to persuade Gotoba to send either Prince Reizei or Prince Rokujō to head the Shōgunate in the coming generation. We do not know today how deeply they talked about this, but their encounter certainly marked a turning point in Japanese history. Some historians have marvelled at the fact that both representatives at the summit talk were women—one from the bushi world and the other from Court society. Jien, for example, who wrote the *Gukanshō* 愚管抄 (a collection of historical essays), remarked a little satirically, "So, Japan has become a nation where women have the final say in political affairs!"

The "public" was not informed of the conference results, but an accident happened within a year

Masako, whose life abounded in petitions and prayers, built this monument on Mt. Kōya.

that very much suited Masako's convenience. It was January 27, 1219. A thug hiding behind a gingko tree at Tsurugaoka Hachiman leaped out and slashed Sanetomo fatally as he was coming down the steps of the Shrine. The assassin was caught and put to death on the spot. He proved to be Kugyō, revengeful 19-year-old son of Yoriié. Sanetomo was then 28.

In truth, Masako felt pity toward Kugyō, who had lost his father when he was small, and looked after him on various occasions. Those who knew Masako's sympathy for Kugyō murmured that it was Masako who instigated the killing to get the ineffectual Sanetomo out of the way. There is nothing strange about Kugyō's hatred for Sanetomo especially if he had received some special education on the violent manner in which his father Yoriié and his brother had lost their lives. If those who conclude that Masako knew Kugyō well personally and was aware of his hatred for Sanetomo are correct, then the journey Masako made to Kyōto the year before seems like a scheduled step in the scheme. Some even conjecture that Masako was directly responsible for the death of Yoriié. If she did indeed pull the strings, their strong-willed mother may well be said to have killed both of her sons in an attempt to uphold her husband's injunction. But there is no clear evidence to prove the credibility of the allegation.

The *Jōkyūki* 承久記, a historic document of the time, gives a detailed discription of the unbearable anguish Masako had to suffer with all her children gone and overtaken by loneliness in her aging solitude. It quotes her as saying that even death offered no solace. But then, why did she not assure that a dangerous figure like Kugyō would never get near her one remaining child? The question goes unanswered.

In any event, Sanetomo was gone, and the chair of the Shōgun could not be left empty. She dispatched a vassal to Kyōto urging the court to fulfill the agreement as supposedly reached before.

Ex-Emperor Gotoba would have granted any other wish Kyō no Tsubone might have expressed, but not this one. The murder of Sanetomo and the resultant lack of an heir presented Gotoba with a perfect chance to overthrow the Shōgunate. "It is absolutely out of question for a prince to become a Shōgun," Gotoba declared.

Masako was not one to give up easily. She ran about the entire city of Kyōto looking for a likely candidate. Finally she located a baby boy of two years called Yoritsuné at the residence of the Minister of the Left, Kujō Michiié. Michiié agreed to the arrangement, and the Shōgun-to-be was taken to Kamakura on the condition that Masako act as the Regent to the baby Shōgun. This took place on July 19, 1219.

Masako was already sixty-three. Now here she was burdened with a tiny baby who of course knew nothing about the complicated story behind his fate. Soothing the fretful child in her arms. Masako began to really emerge into the prime locus of political power, openly leading the vassals of the Minamoto. It is around this time that Masako came to be known as the Nun-Shōgun.

Masako Plays Her Final Hand

On the nineteenth of May in the year 1221, a super-express courier from Kyōto flew to Kamakura. He breathlessly reported that the ex-Emperor Gotoba had issued an order for the arrest of Hōjō Yoshitoki, charging him with treason against the Imperial Court. According to the report, the Court army had massacred the Shōgunate officials who were stationed in Kyōto. And the Ex-Emperor was recruiting samurai warriors to join his camp.

She would have expected a family like the Hiki who had suffered a heavy blow at the hands of the Hōjō to be more than willing to form an alliance with Gotoba, but they were not the only bushi who flopped to the Court side—other vassals whose allegiances Masako would never have doubted were also among those who betrayed her. She was dumbfounded. Unless she braced up her camp, the Shōgunate itself was in danger, confronted by the quickly amassing army of the ex-Emperor.

On the same day that the message was delivered, Yoshitoki, Tokifusa (both Masako's brothers), Yasutoki (the eldest son of Yoshitoki), and Ōé no Hiromoto scurried to Masako to decide the best

course of action. At the same time all the bushi in Kamakura received a call to arms and congregated at Masako's residence. Before the assemblage of retainers filling her spacious yard, Masako settled herself and began to speak perhaps the most important words of her life.

"Listen to me, all of you. Bind your hearts into one, and listen to my last plea to you. A long time ago all of you had to put in three years of service in Kyōto. You took it as an honor and left in high spirits, but three years later, every one of you came back worn out and looking like a miserable street beger. Your lord, Yoritomo, showed his consideration for you and shortened your service to only six months. Is there anybody here who has forgotten that? Is there anybody here who still prefers to go to the Kyōto side? Stand up and state your positions. Are you with Kamakura or against her?"

Masako went on to denounce harshly the absurd nature of the charge of treason, and made it perfectly clear that the Kamakura Shōgunate, in its regency of four generations, had done nothing whatsoever to merit such accusations by the Court.

Finally she looked fiercely at all of them. "I regret having lived this long, but the thought of those dirty Kyōto dogs kicking and treading on the graves of the past three great Shōguns and insulting their resting spirits under the hoofs of their horses is unbearable to me! How could I live to see this? If you *will* go to Kyōto, kill me first!"

Tears running down Masako's cheeks struck to the heart of the deeply moved Minamoto retainers and tears also coursed unnoticed down their faces. If Yoritomo, who now lay under ground, could have seen and heard her, he too would certainly have been moved to tears and praise, "You have done it, and done it beautifully, my girl!"

Every single retainer stayed solid as a rock behind Masako. The meeting to discuss strategy was convened, and Yasutoki left that night accompanied by an advance party of seventeen cavalrymen. As the word spread many other samurai heard and hurried to join with Kamakura on the march to Kyōto. Supposedly, a mammoth force of 190,000 soldiers finally fell on Kyōto.

Masako, Yoshitoki, Hiromoto, and others who were waiting in Kamakura calculated that victory was on their side, yet they were still left with a tinge of anxiety. Masako had spoken confidently, treating the ex-Emperor's strength lightly. But what if the samurai from Kamakura shrank back before actual encounter with Gotoba's army? Even Yasutoki who was appointed the Commander-in-chief of the army once turned back halfway to ask his father Yoshitoki what he should do in case the ex-Emperor personally headed his troops. Yoshitoki's answer: "If His Majesty himself is in command there is nothing we can do. You will just have to abandon your weapons and surrender. But, if only his

Masako's Marred Image

The only image of Masako remaining to us is this badly damaged wooden statue in Anyō - in. (Courtesy of Gakken Co.)

THE FARTHER WE go back in history, the leaner our visual source materials become. We tried to do all we could and here is all we could come up with. This dilapidated reminiscence of a wooden sculpture in Anyō-in Kamakura really seems like the leanest of the lean, and brought the laughing comment from our editorial staff that poor Masako's image would probably never recover from the blow. The reason why we persist in offering you paintings and sculptures which are supposed to be portraits but all look practically identical is that Japanese portraits are like that. Designed not to display the outstanding individual characteristics of the subjects, they generally make minor concessions to actuality within the prescribed form; thus a painting of a general who had puffin cheeks may show a very slight protrusion to right and left below the eyes, but he will still be sitting straight on in squarish solemn posture with a fan or some sign of authority in hand. Because many portraits were made to be placed in the family temple and brought out for worship ceremonies on anniversaries of the ancestor's death, they tended to follow this set form. They are not realistic really; and they are often disappointingly lacking in fuel for the imagination that is trying deseparately to cut across the years and gain a feeling for what the human being that lived back there was like.

Anyway, we don't think Masako looked like this, or even like this looked before it got chewed by mice and worms, sloshed on by insolent raindrops and eaten by time. The real Masako had to have been full of fast-running red blood that gave a vivid color to her cheeks. She had a full face and body, and though she was not beautiful she had a lusty appeal that never failed to bring Yoritomo back to her. Her movements had a surety that was reflected in her speech as well . . . you get the picture.

men come to meet you, fight them all to the death." The Court still exercised undisputed authority over the Shōgun.

The news that 190,000 troops were headed toward Kyōto sent the Court into a panic. Their makeshift defensive strategy was as good as no defense at all. The strategic points like the Fuwa border, Kiso, Uji, and Seta rivers all fell to the Kamakura army, and the ex-Emperor was compelled to acknowledge himself in the wrong and to issue a statement revoking and apologizing for the precipitant arrest warrant.

The news of victory reached Kamakura on June 23. Masako felt an acute sense of relief spreading all over her. This war later came to be called the *Jōkyū no Ran* 承久乱 or the "Jōkyū Conflict."

The conflict had produced traitors among the Shōgunate retainers, and the punitive actions against enemy were extremely severe. The ringleader of the abortive insurrection, ex-Emperor Gotoba was exiled to the island of Iki, his son ex-Emperor Juntoku to Sado, and ex-Emperor Tsuchimikado to Tosa. And the *Rokuhara Tandai* 六波羅探題 or "Deputy Shōgun in Rokuhara" was established as an extention of the Shōgunate organ in Kyōto to keep contact with and supervise the Court, and to govern the vassals in Kyōto.

The Shōgun in Kamakura was still a small child, but there was reliable Yoshitoki to head the administration, and his son Yasutoki, an able successor. Nearing the age of seventy, Masako had had enough of politics and wanted to retire. However, one more difficulty fell in her way.

In June, 1224, Yoshitoki, the regent who had long been Masako's trustworthy lieutenant, met an abrupt end. The officially announced cause of death was heart failure from beriberi, but in truth he had been poisoned by his own second wife. In collusion with her elder brother she attempted to establish her son-in-law (she had borne her daughter by her first marriage) as Shōgun and her son, who was also, from her first marriage, in the post of regent. The assassination of Yoshitoki was only the first step in the conspiracy, and Yasutoki was to be done away with next.

Masako mustered all the influence she had, appointed Yasutoki the regent, and banished the plotters.

On September 5, of the same year (1224), the Regent Yasutoki divided the inherited domain of

This picture of the bodhisattva of mercy Kannon was found inside the Kannon statue in Jufuku-ji. Masako is said to have painted one each day.

Yoshitoki with his other brothers. He claimed the smallest estate in the partitioning. Masako thought it strange and asked him why. Yasutoki replied, "I have no desire for land and I would like my younger brothers to be satisfied." She beamed upon this trustworthy nephew of 42 years.

After losing Yoritomo, she had never been free from worries and hardships. There had been her

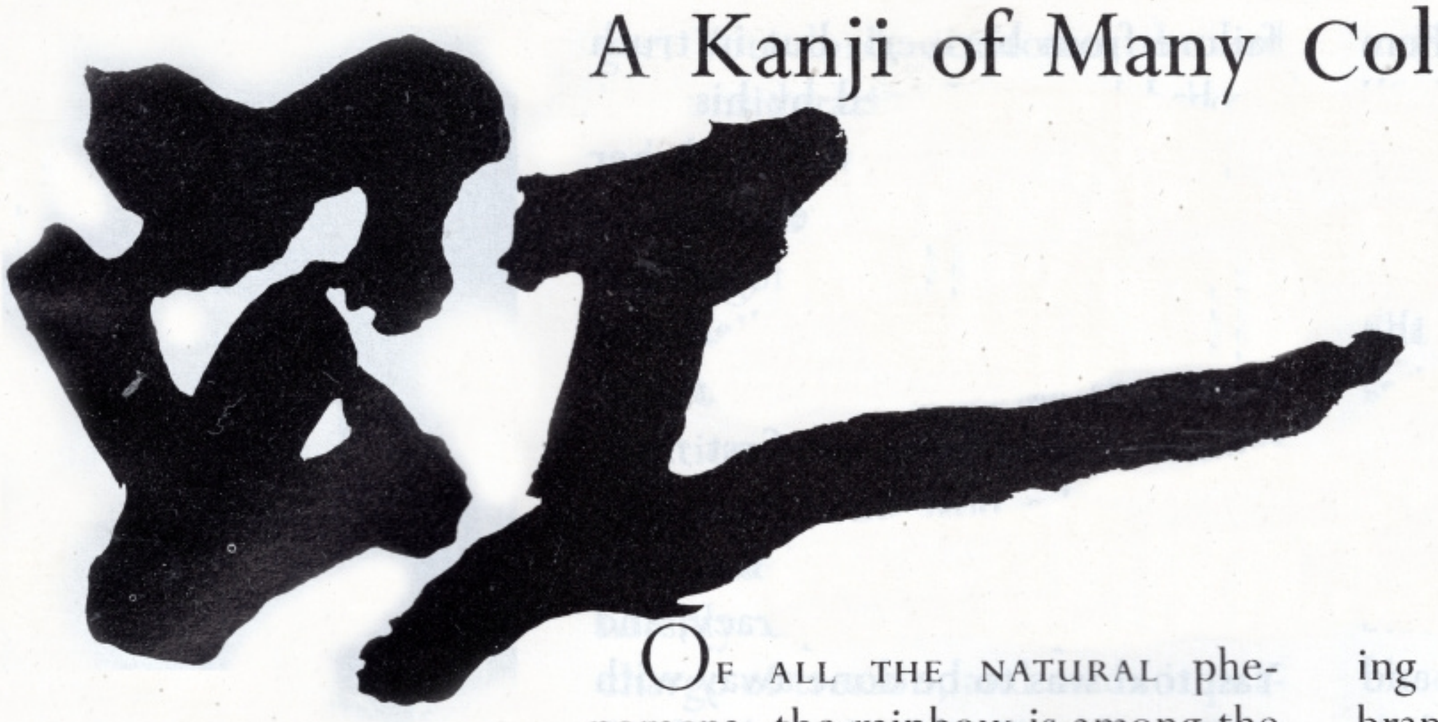
Masako rests near Sanetomo at Jufuku-ji.

problematic sons Yoriié and Sanetomo. Then after the Sanetomo's death, she had had to run the Shōgunate and assume the role of a dowager, dominating the men, because nothing else was more important to her than perpetuating and assuring the prosperity of the enormous bequest her beloved husband had left—the Kamakura Shōgunate. She felt confident that Yasutoki would keep the Shōgunate on sure ground. Masako breathed deeply, for it seemed as if she had just unloaded a massive burden carried on her shoulders for ages. On July 11, 1225, Masako's life came to a close in peace and serenity at the age of sixty-nine. She died of old age.

While she had lived there were those who called her evil and a tyrant, but when she died several of her retainers committed suicide and followed her to the other world.

Masako was not mistaken in her perceptions. Yasutoki managed the nation with utmost sincerity and compassion and his regime has gone down in history as a model of fine government. 東

A Kanji of Many Colors



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OF ALL THE NATURAL phenomena, the rainbow is among the most pleasant, a colorful poetic image that is fortune's semaphore, Hera's messenger and grace itself. For today's objective human beings that is. The people of ancient times looked at rainbows differently.

Once upon a time of an evening, an old Chinese legend relates, a man named Hsia Shih Lung 夏世隆 was walking along the edge of a pond after the rain had lifted and the sky had cleared when he came upon a huge rainbow. The rainbow had buried its head up to the neck in the pond and was thirstily drinking the water. As the startled Hsia stared at it the rainbow proceeded in true Wonderland fashion to shrink down and down until it had taken on the form of an ordinary (though doubtless long-necked) man. The man was dressed in a gay red, yellow and purple suit. By no means through dispensing surprises, the man or rainbow or whichever you prefer next shinnied up a nearby cryptomeria tree and suddenly became invisible.

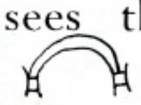
You may not need to be told that Hsia was just a little suspicious at the strange doings of this being he had encountered, and he called the children of the neighborhood to come gather around. They all stood looking up into the tree, but no matter how hard they looked they could not make out anything that resembled a man even faintly. Instead they were treated to the sight of a gigantic red snake slithering and sliding from branch to branch. One of the youths beneath the tree who had not been schooled in Kindness to Animals picked up a stone and hurled it at the beast. So what should they hear but the sobs of a woman coming from through the trees. As clouds and mist boiled up and rose to the sky all turned black around them, while thunder rumbled in the distance. The mere mortals clung to one another in fear and trembling. Then a weird sound reverberated in the heavens and a dragon and a scarlet swan rushed out of the cedar tree to climb up to the skies. In absolute panic everyone dashed for home.

The next morning curiosity got the better of Hsia, as it will on a morning after, so he went out to look at the cedar tree. There clinging to the branches he found a purple snakeskin and a four-legged dragon skin of five colors. He started to climb the tree after them but instantly the tree broke into flames which devoured the skins of both snake and four-legged dragon without a trace.

As you may, if you are very perceptive, have discerned from this 2nd century B.C. story related in the *Tung Ou Hou Chi* 東鷗後記, the ancient Chinese conceived of rainbows as serpents or manifestations of serpents. In Japan too the word that was used for rainbow during the 8th century (*nuji*) had the same derivation as the word signifying "snake." Even today in

the Ryūkyū island chain a rainbow is called "the heavenly serpent."

The Kanji 虹 (*kō, niji*) does not delineate a colorful band arching gracefully through the sky. You need only to look at the depiction of the radical 虫 (*chū, mushi*) on ancient bronze vessels and oracle bones to be convinced that, like it or not, for the Chinese rainbows meant snakes: vipers, say some who have a penchant for the exact. 虫 nowadays indicates all the creeping crawling members of the animal world, bugs and insects, also certain reptiles and amphibians. 工 introduces the sound that means "rainbow."

Another, more cheery theory sees the older form of 虹 as  —no, not a bridge, two 虫, a girl and a boy, lined up together in the very picture of the loving couple.

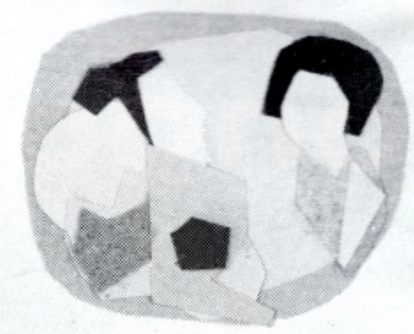
Serpents or dragons (mythical beasts so far as we know), the gay, brightly plumaged part of the rainbow was thought to be the male while the dark and obscure section supposedly belonged to the female.

Comparatively limited as their scientific knowledge may have been, the ancient Chinese put two and two together and got a connection between rainbows and the rain they followed upon. Not only did rainbow serpents drink from ponds as in the above tale, they drank from wells, valleys, pots, anything. Some sots preferred wine or spirits; others spit gold. In one part of the Ryūkyū chain the rainbow was "the rain-drinker."

The rainbow is a harbinger of fortune the world over; in China some say it will be bad news and others good. The ones who contend on behalf of good cite the legend of the Emperor Shun (舜)'s mother who sighted a rainbow which caused her to conceive and bear the ideal ruler Shun. At the same time, the 2nd century B.C. Han document *Wei Nan Tzu* 淮南子 declares that "Rainbows are signs of unrest in heaven," saying, "We see no rainbows lately. This is because thieves are no longer rampant and the spirits of the people overflow with virtue." Moreover, "A rainbow appears when a mismatched couple are married."

The ancient Chinese did not perceive the rainbow only as the form of a living being. They also called it *lu chiao* 陸橋 "the bridge over the land" and *t'ien kung* 天弓, "*l'arc-en-ciel*," recalling God's words to Noah in the *Old Testament*: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." 東

The Operation was a Success



Chuang-tzu relates this story as an illustration of what man, who thinks he is so smart, does to nature with his clever machinations.

Long, long ago, the god of the South Sea was Shu and the god of the North Sea was Hu, while Chaos ruled over the Center which incidentally included the earth. One day Shu and Hu went to visit Chaos. Despite the suddenness of the visit, Chaos received them with generous hospitality and did everything in his power to show them a good time. Hu and Shu were extremely grateful and consulted with one another about how to express their appreciation. "Human beings all have two ears and two eyes and two holes for a nose and a mouth so they can smell good smells, hear lovely music, see beautiful sights, eat good food. But poor Chaos is just a shapeless blob. He doesn't have any of the seven holes. Let's give him some." So they set to work. The first day they gave him an ear and the next day they opened another ear. The next day they knocked in an eye and the next another eye. This went on for six days. On the seventh day Hu and Shu looked at their handiwork and congratulated each other; Chaos was certainly beginning to look like he ought to look. They put their hands to it to give him the finishing touch, his mouth. . .

—and they suddenly realized that Chaos was dead.

Fine Arts

Invasion of the Mongols

Two volumes Handscroll, circa 1293 (Kamakura Period)
First volume: 39.3 cm high Second volume: 39.7 cm high
Imperial Household Collection

UNTIL THE MID-13TH century Japan had suffered occasional internal dissension but her island isolation had rendered her safe from jeopardy from outside. Then the Mongols came. Driven by the ambition to subdue all of Asia and even the European peninsula, Kublai Khan sent his armies to the ends of the continent and ultimately toward Japan (see Vol. VIII No. 4).

On October 19, 1274, nine hundred ships carrying 28,000 soldiers, mostly from Northern Korea, loomed in the offiing of Hakata Bay in Kyūshū; and the next day, the 20th, the invasion began. An army of samurai from Kyūshū met them at the beachhead and the fighting went on furiously until sundown. But all the courage in the world was no match for the new weapon carried by the Mongols—the gun. The Japanese were forced to retreat. That night, intoxicated with victory, the Mongol army repaired to the ships to rest.

And then that same night a sudden freak storm brought violent winds that ripped the ships to shreds and plunged over 13,500 men to a watery grave. When the *kamikazé*, the "divine winds," had finished their work, the crippled Mongol army had all it could do to sail home.

But the Mongols had not given up yet. The second and last time Mongol ships appeared in Hakata Bay was in July of 1281. The Japanese had done everything

they could to prepare for the attack./But, unforeseen by either side, before the Mongol soldiers even had a chance to disembark, another tempest blew up and inflicted even worse damage than before. Of the 140,000 who sailed to Japan only thirty and some thousand made it back to the continent.

Though this scroll bears the name "Invasion of the Mongols," it does not portray both invasions in detail, being, rather, a record of the exploits of a samurai from Kyūshū, one Takezaki Gorō Suenaga. Suenaga offered up the scroll to the Isa Daimyōjin Shrine in gratitude to the gods for granting him victory, though it was also intended as bid for glory. The artist has eliminated all superfluous background and concentrated on delineation of the men and horses. The depiction of the soldiers leans heavily toward the realistic, far more vividly alive than the figures who people the aristocratic Heian Court scrolls as typified by the "Tale of Genji" scroll. The vibrant action is in keeping with the martial theme.

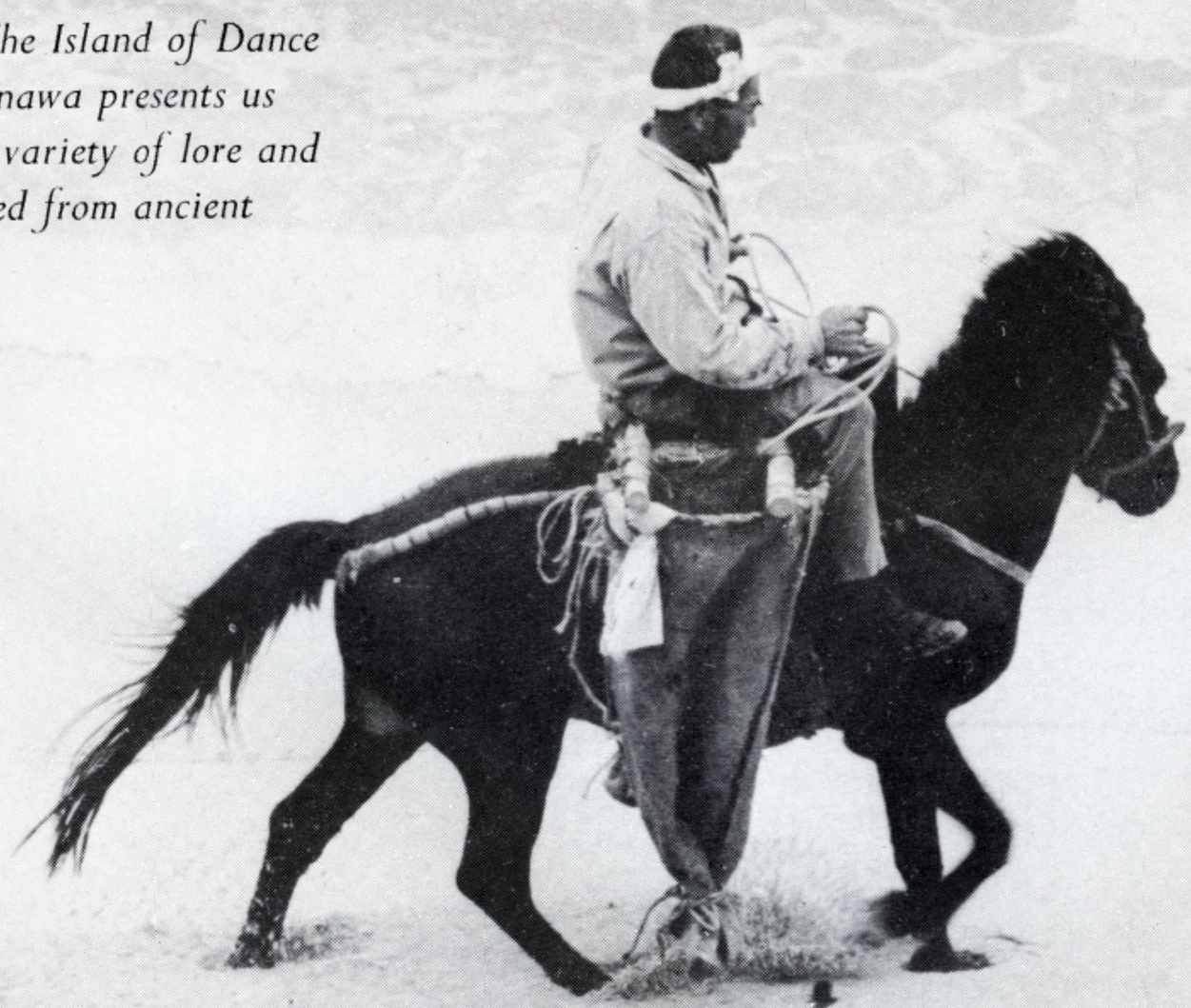
The illustration shows Suenaga advancing toward General Kikuchi's army situated on the stone wall, in preparation to meet the second onrush of invading Mongols. Suenaga fights fiercely with the Mongols during the first invasion in the smaller illustration. 東

Culture

OKINAWA, The Islands That Fortune Overlooked

The Okinawan Islands dot the ocean trailing down from the southernmost part of the Japanese chain. The people who have lived their lives on these islands have suffered incessant discrimination and been segregated as a "foreign ethnic group" simply because the islands were considered the hinterland of Japan. But things are changing, and this hinterland recently began to capture the attention of anthropologists who have discovered that Okinawa is a rare region in Japan where the ancient folkways, folklore, arts and crafts are still preserved. Okinawa has thus been given due recognition at last, as a treasure island rich in traditional Japanese culture.

Known as "The Island of Dance and Song," Okinawa presents us with an infinite variety of lore and folkways inherited from ancient times.



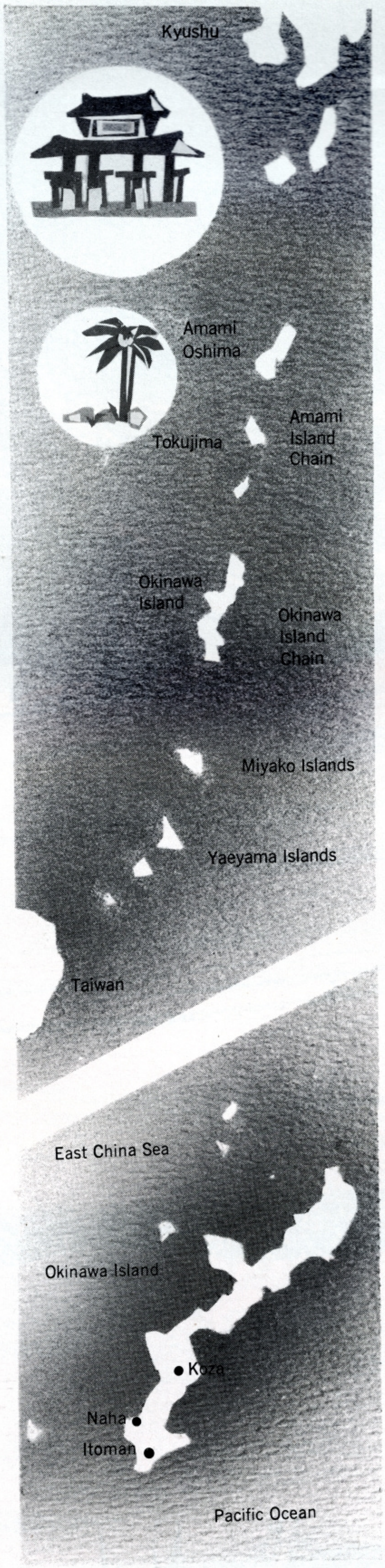
The Trials of Isolation

If you take a look at a map, you will see, to the south of Kyūshū, a string of islands, large and small, drawing an arc toward Taiwan. These stepping stones are called the Ryūkyūs (琉球), comprising the Satsunan Islands on the north, close to the Kyūshū side, and the Ryūkyū Islands on the south which are commonly called the Okinawan Islands.

Altogether some sixty islands are inlaid in the blue of the ocean. Surrounded with the coral reef where cycads and other subtropical plants flourish against the cobalt blue, every one is as lovely as every other. The rays of the sun evoke a myriad of delicate shades in the sea and it glitters in indigo, royal blue, chartreuse, and emerald green. The splendid natural beauty indisputably deserves the name "South Sea Paradise." Or so you may think.

The islanders, however, will tell you differently, "This is a terribly hard place to live . . . not enough arable land, not enough drinkable water. The only abundancy is the coral growing everywhere around the islands, which merely prevents the docking of any sizable ship—so we can not make a living by fishing either."

For an outsider, the coral may seem a charming touch adding a pearly pink color to the atolls. In truth they form a wicked enclosure which impoverishes the lives of the islanders. Nor is the coral the only foe of the people who must face a host of other enemies—the typhoons that never forget to assail the islands every year, torrid heat in summer, virgin jungles never meant to bow to mankind, poisonous jungle snakes, and endemic diseases. Above all these, the hardest of all is the fact that it is a



closed world, cut off from larger bodies of land by the sea; and no political and cultural benefits from the center reach this far. This sense of "left-aloneness" is what they call *shimachabi* or "despair of the isolated islands," words with a truly forlorn ring.

Even today some ignorant Japanese who live on Japan proper designate Okinawa as the "foreign land within our sight." The Okinawans themselves have been induced to question their own ethnic origin sometimes despite their knowledge that both historically and geographically Okinawa has always belonged to Japan and its inhabitants are incontrovertibly Japanese.

There is a historical reason behind the despair of the isolated islanders and the ignorance of the Japanese on the larger islands who look down upon Okinawans. It was a commonly held belief in the Edo Period that the islanders in the Ryūkyūs were "Ryūkyūans" and not Japanese. Shortly after the establishment of the Edo Shōgunate, the lord of Satsuma Province (Kagoshima Prefecture), Shimazu Iehisa, sent over 3,000 warriors and 100 battleships to the Ryūkyūs, bringing it to its knees in 1606. Ryūkyū since then has been a territory of Satsuma and as such was compelled to put on a foreign mask. Satsuma thus made Ryūkyū into an alien country, a country required to dispatch an embassy to Edo to offer felicitations on the accession of a new Shōgun and also to send an envoy whenever a new emperor in the Ryūkyū dynasty assumed the throne to reiterate Okinawa's homage to the Shōgunate. The envoys were pressed by Satsuma to dress themselves in Chinese attire so that Satsuma could exhibit its rule over an alien dependency to the Shōgunate in Edo. Thus the Shōgunate and the

Okinawa's special boats—Sabani—and colorful fishing nets
Photographs by Tanji Toshiaki, courtesy of Dandy Photo

masses of the people were led to believe that Ryūkyūans were an entirely different race. The misrepresentation implanted hundreds of years ago is still felt in the lingering bias.

Comprehensive and continuous research in folklore, linguistics, archaeology, and anthropology have confirmed that the Okinawans are of Japanese ancestry. These studies revealed that the stone implements and earthenware objects excavated in the Ryūkyū Islands closely resemble those of the Jōmon Period (an era characterized by straw-rope patterned earthenware which is estimated to have lasted from around B.C. 7,500 to B.C. 300 in Japan). Other findings verify that what is called *Ryūkyū-go* 琉球語 or the "classic Ryūkyū language" today is nothing other than a ramified Japanese dialect and their folkways remnants of ancient Japanese society. What this means is that Okinawans are Japanese who for one reason or another came to take up their residence on these islands in ancient times. They may have chosen to settle here out of curiosity about an unknown land, or as Yanagida Kunio, a foremost authority in the field of Japanese folklore, suggests, the settlers might have been searching for cowries to use for currency and make into ornaments.

Okinawans of the Jōmon Period seem to have engendered a civilization similar to the one prevalent on the main islands at that time. In subsequent centuries Japan proper came under the influence of the Asian continental civilization and stepped into the Iron Age, developing a loosely integrated ancient nation state, while Okinawa remained beyond the pale of all the incoming cultural stimuli on account of her remote location. And so the main islands left the Ryūkyūs behind in the cultural stage they had shared up till then. The ensuing gap was to widen increasingly in the hundreds of years to come.

The Price of Trade

It was in the beginning of the fifteenth century that Okinawa finally sloughed off her limited identity as a village community and developed into a body politic—a

Young girls of the island of Chikubujima sing and dance to a children's song.

lag of ten centuries behind the main islands. This is why Okinawa remained separate and remote from the rest of Japan for so long.

Shōhashi (尚巴志), who was the *Aji* or "Chief" of the Sashiki region, subjugated three small kingdoms in the early fifteenth century and consolidated Okinawa. Aji 按司 is a figurative form of *aruji* 主 (master) or *aki* 吾君 (my lord) and came to mean the head of a village. Shōhashi, a one-time Aji who strove to found his own dynasty, implemented every possible means to build a nation. He increased the trade with China, imported knowledge and technology from the Continent. Despite his persistent efforts, the Aji and their individual villages failed to recognize any superior authority, continuing to rule over their villages as they always had. Moreover, the dynasty was shaken frequently by unrest within the ruling family. The troubled dynasty lost its power when it was taken over by Shōen (尚円) in a coup d'etat in 1469. Shōen mounted the throne and his offspring reigned over the kingdom for 19 succeeding generations (409 years)

The Ryūkyū Dynasty did not limit trade to the neighboring countries of China, Korea and Japan, but extended as far as Siam, Malacca, Sumatra. The country prospered through skillful intermediary trading: she made up for her poor resources with the rich natural wealth of the Southeast Asian countries which was sold to China or Japan. She purchased Chinese products to sell in Japan and Japanese products to be sold in China.

Satsuma could not stand looking on "with her finger in her mouth" while her neighbor Ryūkyū flourished. With a phony accusation that the insolent Ryūkyū had failed to pay tribute, Satsuma assailed the prosperous islands. It goes without saying that the real reason for Satsuma's attack on the sovereign state was to snatch away the trade profits. Satsuma had to use the trumped-up charge against Ryūkyū because China, since the invasions of Korea by Toyotomi Hideyoshi's army in 1592 and 1597, had prohibited commerce with Japan, and Ryūkyū offered Satsuma the only route to the wealthy China trade. Satsuma of course knew that the trade would be banned if China were to find out that Ryūkyū was a dependency of Satsuma. Therefore it had to be veiled in secrecy. Ryūkyū had to don an elaborate disguise when a *sappūshi* (冊封使) or emissary from China carrying an Imperial edict or proclamation to a subservient nation paid a visit. Sappūshi were dispatched beginning in 1404 whenever the corona-

Fishermen return with a catch of Senninbari, *"a thousand men's needles."*

tion of a new Ryūkyū Emperor took place. On occasions like this, the entire country was made festive, impressive celebrations were held, while dignified guests who came from China in numbers of four or five hundred stayed six to nine months. Even during their stay, vessels from Satsuma kept streaming in and out of the harbor, and various products and manners from Satsuma were very much in evidence. Still, in the midst of all these explicit tokens of Ryūkyū's close association with Satsuma, the lord of Satsuma was resolved not to let the Chinese guests catch on.

Whenever the time was approaching for the Chinese delegates to arrive, notice boards mushroomed at every corner on the islands ordering the islanders, "You are to conceal from the Chinese anything which may arouse their suspicion regarding Ryūkyū's ties with Satsuma. The Japanese names denoting eras, Japanese personal names, books, and personal belongings must never be known nor their existence perceived by the Chinese. You are prohibited from singing Japanese songs and speaking in Japanese. If a Chinese approaches you in Japanese, pretend that you do not understand." People from Satsuma who happened to be in Ryūkyū while Chinese envoys were there hid themselves in farm houses. These strained maneuverings did pay off considering the enormous profit Satsuma made from the disguised trade with China.

Poor Ryūkyū had to put up with the dual identity—for the trade benefit of Satsuma—as an independent sovereign state to China and a dependency of Satsuma under the Shōgunate. The duality extended to their names as well. The Ryūkyūans managed to employ both *karana* (Chinese names) and *nanori* (Japanese names) accordingly; no need to mention which

Water buffalo may still be seen in the fields.

Dying Bingata cloth

was used when. The Ryūkyūans, ethnically Japanese, were accepted neither as Japanese nor Chinese but were left hanging in mid-air as the identity-stripped "Ryūkyūans." The lord Shimazu's merciless strategy ultimately implanted the distorted image of Okinawa at home and abroad, instigating, before anyone really knew the extent of the implications, the string of misfortunes to befall the Okinawans later.

Starvation in a Rich Land

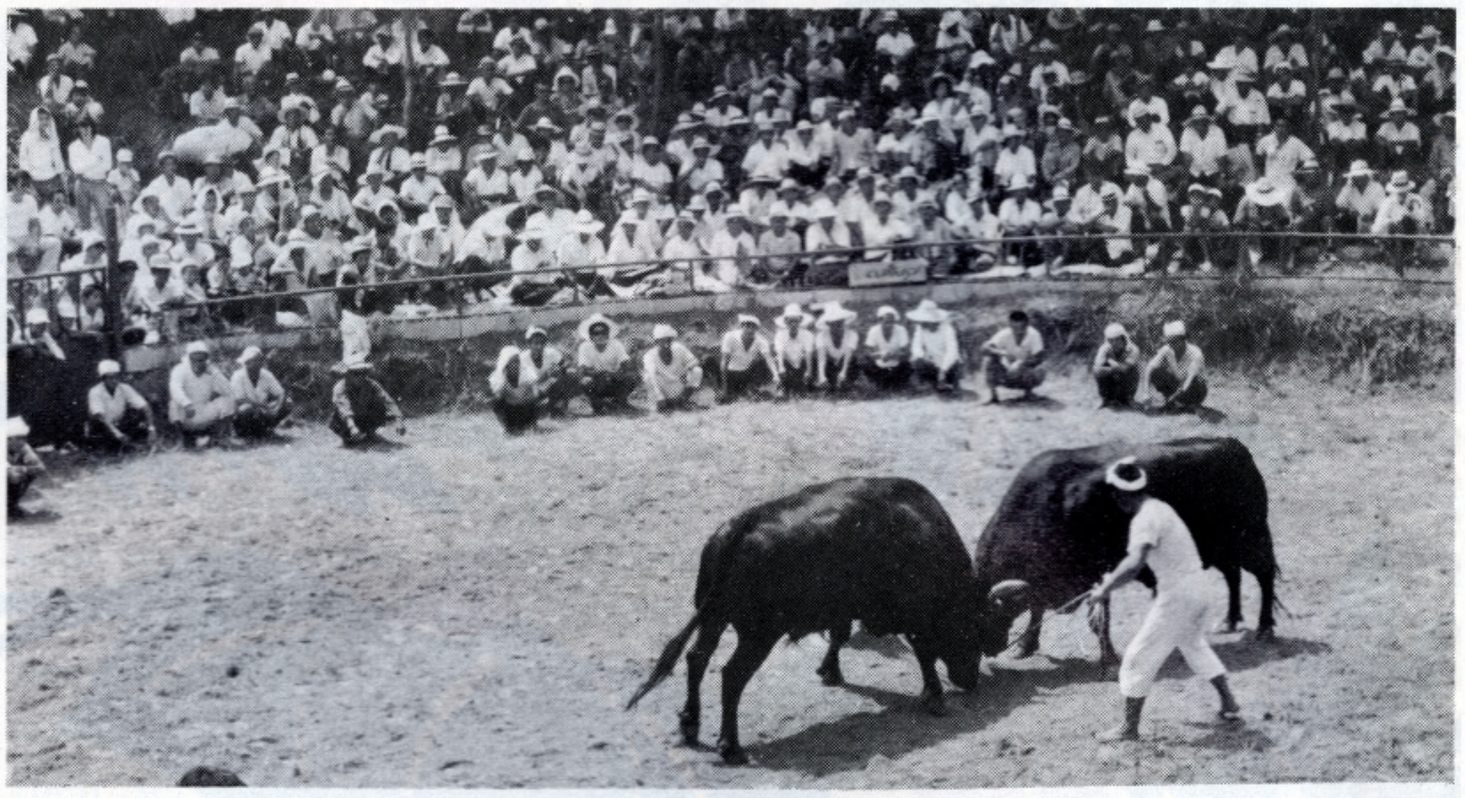
THE POPULACE OF Ryūkyū was pauperized by Satsuma's harsh rule and taxation. The annual tribute of 8,000 *koku* (approx. 40,000 bushels) of rice, garments, cowhide, and brown sugar was squeezed out of Okinawa, driving its people into starvation. The canon for officials in charge of agricultural supervision stipulates: "1. See to it that farmers achieve the quota before and after each day's work, and check at least five times a day to ascertain if they are working diligently from dawn till dusk so that the crops can be harvested on time. 2. Be sure to send farmers out to the fields by six o'clock in the morning, and when they come home in the evening require them to bring back some sort of fertilizer. 3. Resolutely interrogate any laggards in the fields and whip them if necessary."

The officials took a strong hand in every process of farming—sowing, crop yield, fertilizer, everything. The Ryūkyū nation was thus reduced to a mere piece of farmland managed by the royal family and supervised by Satsuma for the sole purpose of producing taxable rice, wheat, sugar, and potatoes. The poverty-stricken peasants had no choice but to be bullied into endless work under constant threat of the whiplash.

While Ryūkyū stayed quarantined in her feudal and backward status, the world outside went through momentous changes, the most significant and symbolic of all occurring when the four Black Ships sailed into Uraga Bay to awake the Japanese nation from its peaceful isolationist slumbers. Backed by booming cannon, the Black Ships demanded that the nation's gate be opened. That was July, 1853.

Actually, the fleet commanded by Commodore Perry had first arrived in the Ryūkyūs two months earlier. In case Japan rejected the ultimatum by the U.S., Ryūkyū was to be temporarily occupied to contain and frustrate Japan. Japan did sign the treaties and for the time being Ryūkyū slipped through the fingers of occupation. Commodore Perry also succeeded in signing a treaty of commerce with Ryūkyū, which in effect resulted in the postponement of U.S. occupation of Okinawa for another century, until 1945. The Black Ships thrust Japan into the Meiji Period, an era of successive transformations and modernizations. In 1871, the Meiji Government abolished the *han*, the feudal provincial demarcations, and replaced them with the *ken* or prefectural units to be reborn as a new, modernized and integrated nation. Satsuma Province became Kagoshima Prefecture, and Ryūkyū was incorporated into Kagoshima for a brief time until it was disconnected from Kagoshima in 1872 to form Ryūkyū *Han* or Province, a feudal name out of step with the time. The Meiji Government initially planned to treat Ryūkyū the same as other regions, but one obstacle arose which hardened the government's stand. Despite the fact that it was Satsuma who had maintained Ryū-

Clay potter's shop



Bullfights have drawn crowds and bets since ancient times. Photos courtesy J.N.T.O.

kyū as a pseudo-foreign country, the dynasty did maintain trade relations with China for over 500 years and refused in the face of the imperative order given by the Meiji Government to suddenly cut off these trade ties.

Japan Yet Not Japan

EIGHT YEARS behind the other prefectures, in 1879 Okinawa was finally incorporated into the Japanese administrative system more or less by the government's coercion. The autocracy of Ryūkyū protested, but it is said that the masses who had borne the unbearable heavy taxes and had suffered the unspeakable despair of isolation immeasurably preferred to come under the Meiji Government.

Becoming Okinawa Prefecture of Japan did not particularly improve their situation afterward; the dark era continued. The Pacific War took the lives of 120,000 out of the total Okinawan population of 450,000 and the subsequent U.S. military occupation and the deep-rooted prejudice by the ignorant Japanese on the main islands made their lives gloomier. In one sense, it is true that Okinawa was rapidly rehabilitated after the War, but the substance of her economic growth was an abortive flower blossoming on the U.S. bases, a transient consumptive economy. Okinawa, who was neither Japan nor China in the past, suffered again the ambiguity of being neither Japan nor the U.S. As implied by the denomination, "the strategic pivot in the Pacific," the U.S. has made Okinawa play the role of a principal military base in the Far East. This is why Okinawa seemed to the eyes of many Japanese "a foreign land within our sight" until the reversion treaty finally granted an unshakable identity to the islanders after centuries of uncertainty.

Okinawa is now returned to Japan, but the unsolved problems are too numerous to cite. At least one unanimously supported hope of Okinawans, after all they have gone through, is the complete removal of any military base and the guarantee of their right to lead their lives in peace. What will happen to Okinawa is hard to speculate, but there are some statistics on Okinawa which cast a shadow over its future. According to the census of 1970, 82–83% of the total 945,100 inhabitants of the Okinawan Islands live on Okinawa Island, the biggest of the isles. Most of the eighty some percent of the populace have swarmed into the scanty districts like Naha, the administrative center, Koza and Ishikawa around the U.S. bases, three cities comprising only 20% of the total land space of the island. The population in these cities reaches an astonishing 10,467 people per square kilometer. When you consider that the notoriously overpopulated city of Tōkyō has a population density of around 5,000 per square meter, the major cities on Okinawa Island are seen to be desperately overpopulated. On the other hand, the young people are abandoning the smaller islands one on the heels of another. They see no future in their isles. The desperate depopulation on one hand and the extreme overpopulation on the other sharply expose the alarming troubles Okinawa confronts.

Beliefs and Practices

A NUMBER OF anthropologists, archaeologists, linguists, and other scientists assert that Okinawa is a

treasure house of living archaic Japanese culture. Some researchers go so far as to contend that the islands of Okinawa, far from being a backward borderland, are the "motherland of Japanese culture" where the ancient Japanese folkways and culture are retained untouched.

A few examples of the living tradition can be seen in the folk religion. In the villages of Okinawa, shady groves are often marked off as sacred areas where the gods are enshrined and many religious festivities take place there. In primitive Japan as well, these same groves comprised sites for religious services where a shrine was housed and the ground purified.

When a baby is born in Okinawa, his family and the relatives get together to celebrate the occasion, observing a fixed ritual called *kawaori* (川下り). A plow with a bunch of grass on top is placed in the yard with a winnowing-fan to the side. A fire is built with straw underneath. Next an older female relative comes out into the yard, holding the formally attired baby. She shoots arrows at the winnowing-fan three times, then puts an adult kimono over the baby and makes three baby crabs crawl on it. It is conjectured that a comparable ritual also existed on the main islands ages ago.

A primitive animism still lives in Okinawa. The *Noro* 祝女 or shamanness is a priestess found in every village on all the islands. She conducts religious services and festive celebrations. In the old days, only women could serve the gods and men were not allowed even to approach the divine services. The influence of the animistic belief is, on the whole, waning these days; however, this folk religion still prevails in some Okinawan villages.

Different locales have varying traditions, but generally festivals or rituals are held at a *také*, a "sacred shrine in a grove," and the details kept strictly secret even from a Noro's own husband and children. Noro not only maintain absolute secrecy concerning the contents of their services but also communicate among themselves in a sort of esoteric jargon which ordinary people do not understand.

In ages past také were off limits to men, and the gods, guarded tightly by Noro, were believed to possess omnipotency over the isles of Okinawa. People left their fortunes, good or bad, to the gods, and Noro relayed their pleas to the gods and the gods' will to the followers. The villagers were pious and obeyed the will of their gods faithfully. Consequently Noro, invested with divine authority, held enormous power over the villagers.

The "power of women" exhibited by the ancient Noro is evidenced in a Ryūkyūan myth. The legend says that a god called Amamikiyo created the nation. Once upon a time when Amamikiyo descended from heaven by the order of Tenshin or the "God Who Governs the Universe," he found no land, only the vast ocean. So he went back to heaven and fetched soil and stones to build pretty islands. He planted grass and trees, shaped hills and mountains, and designed forests. Then the almighty Tenshin sent a god and a goddess to the newly created isles. Without sexual union, the goddess conceived through the breath of passing winds, giving birth to three boys and two girls. The eldest son became the first ruler, the second son the first village chief, and the third son the first farmer, the engenderer of the populace. As for the girls, the eldest daughter became the first Shintō priestess, the second daughter the first Noro.

Another mythic tale appears in *Irōsetsuden* 遺老説伝, a compilation of old Okinawan folk stories: Once upon a time, a goddess descended from heaven and married a village chief. She gave birth to three girls and a boy. Their father passed away in their early childhood, and the children were raised by their mother, the goddess. When the youngest daughter Makanashi became thirteen, she suddenly conceived despite the fact that she had known no man. She was a naïve and quiet daughter who listened to her mother well. The family was startled at her pregnancy yet felt something mysterious in it at the same time. Some time later, a strange baby boy announced his first squalls to the world. He was born with two horns on his head, while his arms and legs looked like the feet and claws of a wild goose. There was nothing of an ordinary human being in his appearance. When the Pan-like boy god reached the age of fourteen, his mother and grandmother ascended to heaven hand in hand. As they continued to watch over the village, working divine miracles from time to time, the villagers dedicated the sacred take to them.

Many primitive societies, particularly matrilineal ones, relate a myth of the "Mother of All Creation" who bears a son, the Creator, in virgin birth. This belief in the virgin mother was prevalent even before the dissemination of Christian teaching. Similar legends still crop up in other regions of Japan, but what distinguishes Okinawa is that the Noro is still worshipped as the person closest to gods.

There are quite a few unusual

←
Bingata is as colorful as the waters surrounding the Okinawan islands.

The leisurely, flowing movements of Okinawan dances suggest rolling billows.

customs still preserved in Okinawa, though some are already extinct. Still it must be said that they are "unusual customs" even for Okinawans, and anybody who tries to understand Okinawa from their traditions alone is in danger of being totally misled. Of course they have precious value as historical records.

Tattoo, the Body's Fortune

THE ORIGIN OF tattooing among Okinawan women is explained in this way: One time a Japanese who came from one of the main islands demanded an Okinawan princess for his wife. The Okinawans balked at the arrangement, so they racked their brains to try to find a way of refusing without offending him. Having heard that people from outside intensely disliked tattoos on a woman, they decided their strategy on the basis of this prejudice, with splendid success. Ever after, the legend says, Okinawan women tattooed their bodies as a symbol of their chastity, until the government prohibited the practice in the Meiji Period. Girls of those days experienced their first prickings around the age of twelve or thirteen, and the design was normally completed by the time they married. According to a historical account, girls endured the unspeakable pain as their bodies were pricked and pigments injected by gnashing their teeth and grinding hard beans. Each island had its distinctive tattoo patterns—an arrow feather, circular shape, crisscross, letter "X" and so forth. The higher a woman's social class, the more intricate the design of her tattoo, and the more jealousy she would evoke in lower class women. Here is a verse that reveals the near-crazy desire of a passionate woman of the tropical islands for an elegant tattoo.

I wanted my man
for a time
I missed my old mother
for a time, but
Never shall there be an end to
my desire
for a dainty colorful tattoo.
The pains of the needle are nothing
If only my body is enchanting.
You leave your fortune behind
when you hear heaven's call
Bur the fortune of my body I shall
carry with me
All the way to the promised land.

Obviously the design of a tattoo identified the owner and the woman who sang this song must have believed that she would carry her proud tattoo even in the world to come. Today, tattoo are seen only among ladies of seventy or older . . . the custom has died.

The more well known customs peculiar to Okinawa are *fūsō* (disposal of a corpse by exposure) and *senkotsu* or "consecration of bones," both nonexistent today. Up until some generations ago, a dead person was not buried as is done commonly in the West but was placed in a thicket. Until the corpse began to show signs of decomposing, the bereaved family visited the thicket every single day to comfort the

weaving bashofu

deceased. If the departed soul had been a youngster, his playmates, boys and girls both, came by every night with saké, appetizers, and musical instruments, and solaced the spirit by singing and dancing to their hearts' content . . . a trace of early Japanese culture which had been probably widely practiced in other areas as well.

The ritual of purifying the bones of the deceased came later, an indication of a full reverence for the dead. As the letters 洗 *sen* (cleanse or purify) and 骨 *kotsu* (bone) denote, it is a ritual to consecrate bones with a piece of cloth at the third, sixth, seventh, and sometimes even thirteenth year after the departure of the soul. It was the women's duty to conduct this ritual. The Meiji Government prohibited this custom for hygienic reasons, but Okinawans, particularly the older folk, did not feel at ease if senkotsu had not been conducted, for it was a ritual to complete the funeral. These people referred to senkotsu as "lightening" or "purifying" and wanted their families to carry out the service when they passed away. Some aged people even hesitated to move to the main islands lest their bones might not be consecrated but be cremated instead as is the practice there. It is indeed true that a firm belief of long standing cannot be tossed out like a worn-out shoe even when reasoning and persuasion are against it.

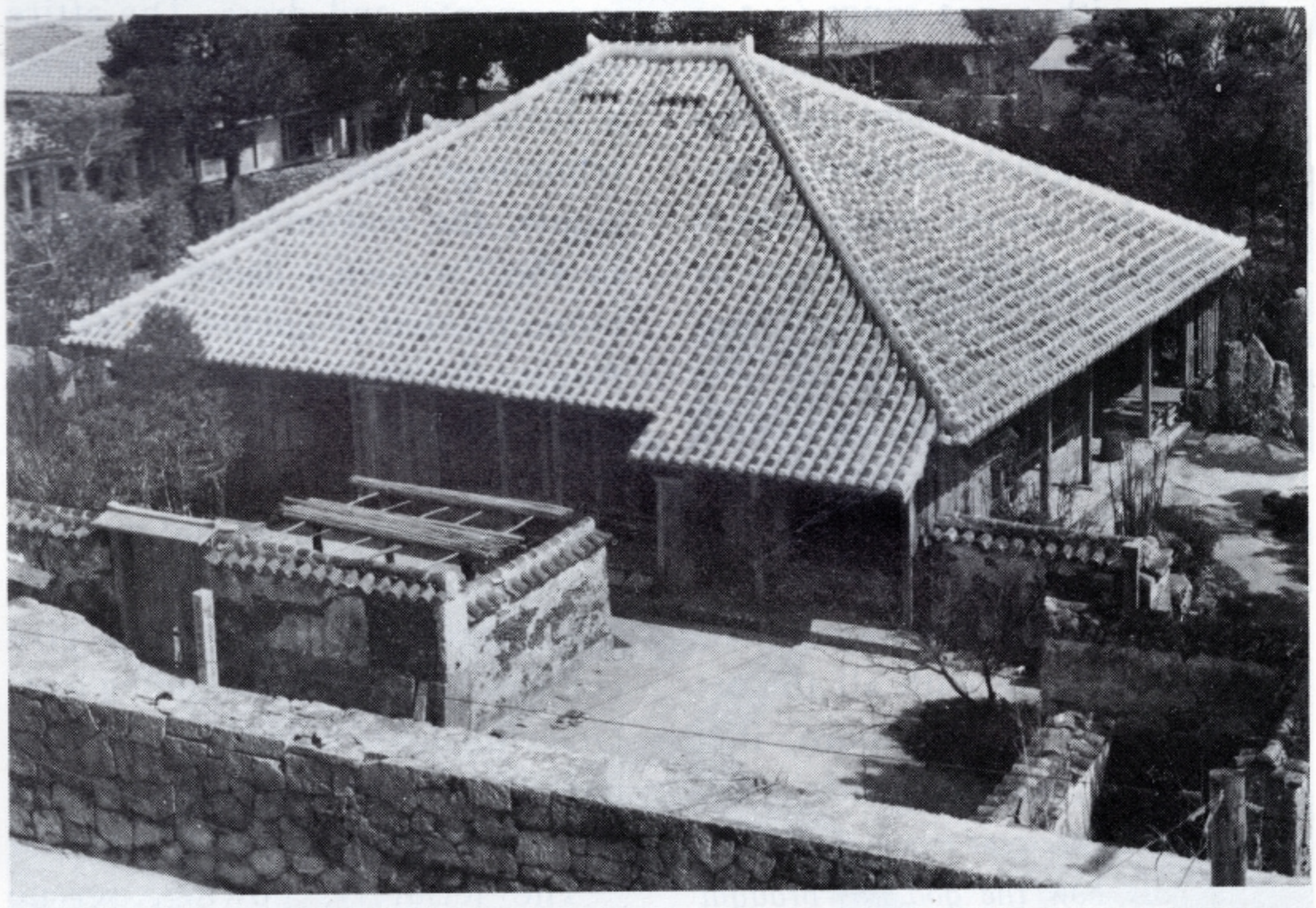
Islands of Dance and Song

One of the richest literary treasures of Okinawa is the *Omoro-sōshi*, a compilation of the old Okinawan songs. These ballads must have been sung for almost 700 years. Most of them date back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, some as late as the seventeenth century. Works of art enjoyable in

Miyaradonchi, built in 1819 after the manner of Ryūkyū Court architecture ⟶

Perry was amazed at the monumental scale of the famous Nakagusuku . (lower left)

Nakijin Castle affords an exhilarating view of the ocean beyond. (below, lower right)



themselves, they also serve as priceless historical documents telling us the thoughts and language of feudal Ryūkyū society. The word *omoro* has the same derivation as *omoi* which means "pondering", thus omoro are thoughts of pondering hearts expressed in rhythmical verses. The ballads contain everything from the creation of Ryūkyū, heaven and earth, the stars in the sky, heroes, kings and lords to drinking parties, voyages, religion, rituals, ranging from satires to sacred songs and covering every sphere of human life and the nature that surrounded Okinawans of the past. The *Omorosōshi* consists of 22 volumes, with 1,552 songs (1,244 if repetitive songs are discounted). Two-line verses of eight syllables apiece forming rich antitheses characterize the omoro songs which vary from 3-4 lines to as many as 30–40. Some ancient Ryūkyūan words were for a long time considered impossible to decipher. But the enigmatic stanzas have been decoded by Okinawan specialists, and this area of study is currently receiving particular attention. Here is one song with all the attributes of the typical omoro; it is pure, simple, serene, gentle. . . .

Lo, the rising crescent moon—
a holy bow the god has brought
Lo, the twinkling morning star—
an arrowhead that the god has shot
Lo, the sparkling galaxy—
the spangled comb in the hair of the god
Lo, the trailing drifting cloud—
the lovely sash at the waist of the god

Ryūka 琉歌 are another type of popular song accompanied by the three-stringed, snake skinned *jabisen*. They possess a distinctive melody and certain dances are performed along with them. Introduced into China from Central Asia and thence to Ryūkyū in the very late 14th century, the jabisen gives a special flavor to the folk culture of Okinawa. Okinawans love music. They improved the jabisen to produce the nostalgic and melancholy strains suited to their sentimental romanticism, and the distinctive music which resulted came to be identified with Okinawa. The jabisen later made its way to other regions of Japan and as the *samisen* became an indispensable instrument for Japanese folk music.

Okinawan dances also grew with their songs. The old folks' dance, young folks' and women's, all are characterized by the unique tunes, movements, and dress. The attire suggests the ancient costume with a little amplification and a few trimmings introduced. For example, the costume for *onna-odori* or the "women's dance" is a kimono printed in unique Okinawan *Bingata* designs (see Vol. VIII, No. 1). The dancer puts up her hair in a special bun, binding a long purple ribbon about her head and wearing flowers and other ornaments in her hair. Red two-toed socks give colorful accents to her gliding feet. Graceful she is indeed, radiating a pure and chaste charm wrapped in the exquisite beauty of her kimono.

The leisurely, flowing, serene movements give the dance a touch all its own, moving in a suggestion of rolling billows. Here is something definitely different from dances elsewhere in Japan, or for that matter in China and other East Asian countries—movements that were born and refined only in Okinawa.

The unique heritage is not limited to songs and dances alone, for the cloth and pottery used in their everyday life also reflect an esthetic charm nurtured over many generations. A kind of Okinawan cloth called *bashōfu* is made of *bashō*, the "plantain" found on every island. The fiber known as abaca is extracted from the tree to be split and twisted into thread. Then it is boiled and plunged in salt water until an exquisite piece of bashōfu—the artistic pride of Okinawa—has been created. The process requires endless repetition and an absolutely infinite amount of patience.

Okinawans in general are talented improvisors. You find people everywhere producing lovely songs on the spur of the moment while they are working in the fields. The verses of 8-8-8-6 syllables naturally rise to their lips when they take tea during breaks.

The *Yoasobi* or the "Night Frolic" is a festival held on July 15th or the eve of *Bon* (a Buddhist festival in which the ancestors' spirits are invited home and entertained for several days). Under the mellow light of the summer moon, all the folks of the village young and old gather together in the open to make merry. They sit comfortably forming a large circle. First they sing and dance in a group, clapping their hands to the rhythm until the magic spell of the generously dispensed saké makes someone forget his shyness and dance out to the center, moving his arms and twisting his body—fun, intoxication, entertainment and a good time to be had by all. These dances have no set movements, which are invented as the dance goes on. Everything is spontaneous and people dance sporadically in and out of the center. Their extemporaneous creations are not limited to dances; they sing impromptu poems back and forth to one another. The "Night Frolic" seems to echo the days of *Manyō* Japan with its trading of love poems and its sacred festivals. It is no exaggeration to say that the Japan of ancient days is most to be felt in the Okinawan cultural heritage. 東

An Island Called Okinawa

by Joseph Browning

JUTTING OUT OF the sea off the continent of Asia, a rugged mountain chain conceived in nature's fury and sculptured by her relentless elements forms a narrow, sweeping archipelego known as the Ryūkyū Islands. Okinawa, the largest island in this group, was hardly known to the outside world until the last great battle of World War II raged across its peaceful hills.

Learned man was not there with his scientific instruments to record the birth of these islands but we suspect that the earth once rumbled in great turmoil deep beneath the surface. As jagged crevices rent the prehistoric crust, continents broke apart, sank from sight and reappeared as different land masses. Oceans parted in monstrous tidal waves and newborn mountains violently thrust their peaks above the angry seas. Engulfing oceans filled the valleys and swirled around the mountain peaks. And sometime in that awesome display of power this chain of barren islands was born.

For uncounted centuries the dormant mass lay hidden in the holds of a great ocean. Buffeted by raging typhoons and seared by a tropical sun, the island survived nature's savage initiation and slowly began nurturing the seeds of life. First, perhaps, the wind and rain began eating at the mountaintops, creating soil from rock and lava. From the soil sprouted vegetation and from the vegetation evolved more soil. And from the seas and skies came simple creatures to dwell on the land and feed upon the vegetation.

But this was still a harsh and cruel place. The shallow soil and the wind-driven salt spray discouraged all but the hardiest of plants. Surviving seedlings grew and died and were replaced by others until the gray, sea-lashed

rock became a shimmering green emerald.

Rains came and nourished the thirsty life but the shallow earth too quickly drank its fill and wastefully spilled the rest down the mountainsides and into the sea. In the ways of nature even this had a purpose. A new land was being created and a good land needs swift brooks, quiet pools and misty waterfalls.

From the mountains the streams carried weathered bits of rock and decaying plants into the lowlands where they settled when the water slowed its race. Gradually this residue accumulated and formed narrow, fertile valleys where sometime in the distant future a creature called man would labor for his existence.

The day or even the year when the first hardy traveler urged his rude craft toward the shores of Okinawa is a matter of speculation. Sometime back in that age of the great Asian migrations a people left their homeland on an epic voyage. No written records were chisled in stone to be studied centuries later by scholars. No monuments were erected on the shores where they landed. Did they come by accident, blown here by the great typhoons, or were they following the stories brought back by far ranging traders who roamed these waters?

Excavations at prehistoric sites have yielded chipped arrowheads, harpoon points made from the bones of wild boars, shell ornaments, and polished stone implements. In the Yaeyama group between Okinawa and Taiwan, fragments of early Ming pottery have been found above the earlier stone age relics. And intermingled with all this are the remains of other ancient cultures including those from Japan.

Some historians believe the first settlers were an adventurous breed

A short distance from the northern city of Nago, a mountain stream plunges over a rocky precipice to form Todoroki-no-Taki, the largest waterfall on Okinawa.

of seafaring people from the southern islands, perhaps Micronesia, or Indonesia, or any one of the other groups in that part of the world. Others contend they were part of a great migration sweeping down from the continent of Asia, flowing along the coast then spilling out onto the sea in search of a better land. Or they could have ventured south from the northern islands that are known today as Japan. Perhaps it was a bit of all these.

Wherever he came from and whatever his reasons were for coming, the first settler found a land that could be bountiful or niggardly depending on the whims of nature. There were years when the lifegiving rains were never enough. The crops and wild grasses would wither away to brown stubble under the merciless sun. And in other years the rain came in torrents driven by raging winds; slashing, soaking, stinging rain that flooded and rotted and washed away the food plants so diligently cultivated.

But he persisted, for his life depended on the plants he could nurture from the soil and the fish he could take from the sea.

Natural caves in the folds of limestone and coral cliffs likely provided the first shelter. One great cave on Iheya Island, known as the *Kumayaa,* has been held in particular reverence in Okinawan folklore. Other sacred caves are found at Kin and Futenma. Another one, *Seifa Utaki* on Chinen Peninsula, has been a prominent place of worship since the most remote legendary times.

In this primitive, isolated community a social order evolved. Perhaps it grew out of the old ways, but more likely it was born of the new environment and dictated by the new settlers' needs. As among all peoples there emerged some who sought leadership while others were content to be led. They were hardy men, these *Aji*. Wiser, perhaps, than the others. Or more cunning. But even for the leaders life on Okinawa could hardly be called easy.

Before consolidation under a central king at Shuri, each of the various districts was ruled by a local lord who generally enjoyed the support of the local *Aji*. To protect their miniature kingdoms from covetous neighbors, these lords

built hilltop redoubts of stone and coral. Many of the fiefdom castles linger today as overgrown ruins while a few, like Nakagusuku high above Buckner Bay, still retain the appearance of formidable fortresses.

Even as man established his rule over these islands he was ever at the mercy of the elements. In the mid-1200's for example, history records that many typhoons swept over the islands followed by drouth, famine and a year of epidemic sickness in which more than half the population perished. Again in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, typhoons, earthquakes, tidal waves, famines, and epidemics took thousands of lives.

As if the ravages of nature were not enough, the Okinawans found themselves involved time and time again in the conflicts of other nations, usually suffering disasterously.

In the 13th century when the great empires of Asia were manuevering and clashing, negotiating, trading, then clashing again, the Okinawans were caught between two powerful antagonists. Preparing to invade Japan, the Mongol overlord Kublai Khan sent a force to exact support from Okinawa. King Eiso refused their demands, and tradition says the Mongols made a "show of force," taking away 130 captives when they retreated.

Three hundred years later the Japanese would demand similar support in their invasion of China. Again their refusal would bring misery and suffering to the Okinawans.

The 140-odd islands, rocks and reefs making up the Ryūkyū chain hardly could have been called worthy prizes of war but to powerful Asian nations on the roads of conquest the strategic location of these stepping-stones seemed to hold some sort of magnetic attraction.

Adventurous sailors and an occasional missionary brought back tales of these lonely islands, but it was not until Commodore Matthew C. Perry put ashore in 1853 that they became commonly known within the American government. On his way to batter down Japan's doors of isolation, Perry hoped to negotiate for Okinawan coaling and provisioning stations necessary in his diplomatic assault upon Japan.

Not long afterwards the United States became embroiled in its momentous struggle to preserve

Much of the Okinawan pottery is of rustic and heavy design, and is eagerly snapped up by tourists.

the union, and the Admiral's efforts were soon forgotten.

By 1879, Japan's campaign to annex the Ryūkyūs was drawing to a successful close. From that time until 1945 Okinawa was a part of the Empire, although the Okinawans were often looked upon somewhat derisively as "country cousins." Discriminatory practices against the Okinawans were common, and extended into business, education, social life, and even into the military services.

Spring creeps in shyly in this part of the world. It's hard to see or feel the change, but one day you pause to watch the sky and listen to the sea and there it is. You wonder if it came yesterday or the day before. If there's still any doubt, you look for the wild lilies—pure, white, solitary symbols of tranquility clinging humbly to the sea cliffs.

Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, must have found them in bloom. But the lilies likely went unnoticed that day. Offshore, a great storm of fire and steel was brewing, a storm so powerful that when unleashed it struck with the fury of all the typhoons, earthquakes and tidal waves whipped and driven into one huge weapon of destruction.

The mighty American invasion force brought home to the islanders and their Japanese defenders the last great battle of the Pacific War. When the guns grew silent three months later, the life blood of over 122,000 human souls—American, Japanese and Okinawan—had ebbed away into the war-scarred islands.

It was the Great War, the bitter "typhoon of steel". History was again written in the blood of mankind and again the peaceful islanders were caught in the middle.

While victorious Allied forces feverishly began preparing Okinawa as a new base from which to launch the ultimate invasion of the Japanese mainland, the news came: The war was over.

Rehabilitation came slowly to the islanders. Villages and farmlands lay in ruins. A normal economy was nonexistant. Families were scattered, some members were dead, others had taken refuge in Japan. Some were stranded in the South Sea islands where they had gone to work for the Japanese forces, and still others were simply missing somewhere among the blasted caves and tangled undergrowth near the southern tip of the island.

The old Tsuboya kilns in Naha turned out a unique style of rustic pottery. The jars shown here were discarded because of imperfections.

Burial place for several generations, this turtle-back tomb overlooking the Pacific Ocean slowly crumbles away.

Okinawans are no strangers to hard times. They themselves are living proof of their ability to endure and adapt. Hothouse controlled economic conditions, new and greatly improved educational facilities, generous scholarships for study abroad and other measures taken by the paternalistic United States Civil Administration of the Ryūkyū Islands (USCAR) created a standard of living vastly different from that of pre-war days.

Well meaning, benevolent, but somewhat lethargic when isolated in the backwash of post-war reconstruction, the island's new administrators soon found themselves and their hard won battlefield slipping into obscurity. Elsewhere there were nations to rebuild, lives to remould, fortunes to make. To the outside world the Ryūkyū Islands again became just a tiny cluster of dots on the map of Asia.

Post-war U. S. treaty commitments with Japan and other Asian nations required huge stockpiles of military equipment and forward staging areas in the Far East. When the Korean Conflict pointed out just how vital this could be, the U. S. retained administrative control of Okinawa even after the occupation of Japan officially ended in 1951.

When I first arrived on Okinawa in 1960 for what turned out to be a four-year visit, I was somewhat dismayed to find that not all the Okinawans shared my views of US benevolence. To be quite frank, I knew very little about the Okinawans and their unique situation. But through teaching English my realm of friendship expanded and it was not long before I became aware of an undercurrent of suppressed resentment among my friends, particularly the young people.

To have blurted out their true feelings to me might have been mistaken for rudeness, so my Okinawan friends made their thoughts known in more subtle ways. For example, once when I was driving some students home from class in my car, I remarked that I liked the rainy season because it seemed to create a mood of closeness, almost a romantic atmosphere. A young writer quietly expressed her opinion this way: "When you have no

car it's not so romantic walking along the muddy streets or waiting in the rain for a crowded bus."

Peace, better education and prosperity of sorts filled a physical need, but emotionally something was lacking in my Okinawan friends. Legally they could call themselves neither Americans nor Japanese. They had no flag; they were neither colony, trust territory, kingdom nor autonomous state. Like children from a broken home, they were torn between a strange, rich guardian and a familiar but somewhat distant parent. While some argued for reversion to Japan, others spoke of independence and a few talked of becoming a trust territory of the United States. Amplified by the cries of the Okinawa Peoples Party, teachers unions and anti-atomic bomb groups, the idea of again becoming citizens of Japan sounded more appealing to the average Okinawan.

Reversion was a word heard often on Okinawa these last few years. And depending on your attitude, or more likely your nationality, it was an expression of nationalism, a dirty word or just plain good business.

If you were Okinawan, it meant casting off the adopted child image bestowed upon you by your American guardian and becoming a complete citizen of Japan with the same voting rights as the Tokyo executive or the Yokohama steelworker.

If you were an American on Okinawa, reversion meant relinquishing a hard won battlefield soaked in the blood of 12,000 American fighting men; it meant subjecting U. S. military bases there to the same government restrictions, political harassment and noisy leftist demonstrations as those in Japan.

And if you were Japanese, reversion of Okinawa meant regaining some of the territories lost in World War II; it meant expansion of business empires, for in the past USCAR closed the doors on Japan's big businesses in the hopes that fledgling Okinawa could develop its own home-grown industries.

But, good or bad, ready or not, reversion came in 1972 and another chapter in the history of these islands was written.

Today's traveler will find Okinawa an interesting but confusing clash of colors, ideas and emotions—an unchangeable yet changing island. Puny man still scurries for shelter in the face of raging typhoons sweeping up out of the south. Yet modern fishing vessels sail out of ports that never existed a few years ago. In the south playful children scamper about elaborate memorials standing where armies perished. To the north, rows of pineapple plants march up the mountainsides of Motobu where wild boars and poisonous snakes once ruled. On rocky cliffs and along the beaches of the East China Sea where anxious women down through the centuries waited for their men to return from their voyages, hotels and tourist resorts now anxiously await the foreign traveler.

Early seafarers ventured far from Okinawa in search of trade with other lands. This stone dragon head, one of two that stood guard at Shuri Castle, is said to reflect Indo-Chinese influence.

Each time I return to Okinawa I find startling changes: more cars, more people, more of the vestiges of commerce. Many of the lush, green hills of Shuri have been leveled for housing areas and the once lonely, sweeping beaches along the East China Sea on Okinawa's west coast are now crowded with tourist resorts. But the tourists spend money, and the more money spent in Okinawa Prefecture, the fewer the number of young people who will have to leave home and look for jobs in Tōkyō or Ōsaka.

Okinawa offers the customary comforts and attractions tourists demand, and just enough atmosphere of a remote, slightly primitive Oriental island to beckon the curious and adventurous. Naha, the prefectural capital, sits at the crossroads of air travel between Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and the Philippines.

Down from the north come the mainland Japanese, no longer in warships and *kamikaze* planes but seeking now to capture the flavor of life in the southern islands. Since reversion last year some 360,000 Japanese tourists have visited Okinawa. During the same period over 15,000 foreigners stopped over to buy the beautiful lacquerware, fragile pink coral brought up from the floor of the sea and one-of-a-kind glass creations made from melted bottles.

Normally pleasant weather—if one can discount the humidity—is excitingly interrupted by typhoons storming in with the temper of vindictive lovers. Barely managing to delineate the seasons, a semi-tropical climate strains out the harsh winter winds of Siberia and

North China. Ice is a rarity; snow once generated newspaper headlines when a few short-lived flakes dusted the summit of Mt. Yonaha.

Apart from the natural beauty of sweeping beaches and perpetually green mountains, World War II battlefields and war memorials are the chief tourist attractions. Most of the memorials are in the southern part of Okinawa where the remnants of Lieutenant General Ushijima Mitsuri's Thirty-second Army perished amid the blasted caves of Mabuni.

A new generation has reached adulthood since the bitter days of the Pacific War, but like an unforgettable nightmare it is still very near to the Okinawans. In four years of wandering from Mabuni to the northernmost point at Hedo I found numerous reminders of that tragic period in Okinawan history. Throughout the southern countryside mounds of mouldering human skulls and bones lay hidden away in dank cave shrines, gathered from the fields by families and neighbors of the dead. Probably no accurate count will ever be possible, but as nearly as can be determined many tens of thousands Okinawans perished.

Today the islanders are still there—the ones who didn't follow the migrations of young people northward to Japan's TV factories. They number about one million now. They're healthier, better dressed, better educated and better prepared to become a part of this century. They keep up with Paris and Tōkyō styles, watch television and study at the University of the Ryūkyūs, where 20th century architecture sprouts from the ruins of the last king's great castle. They have survived famines and droughts and the holocaust of a great war, and now that Okinawa is again a Japanese prefecture they've won their place in Asia's post-war surge of nationalism.

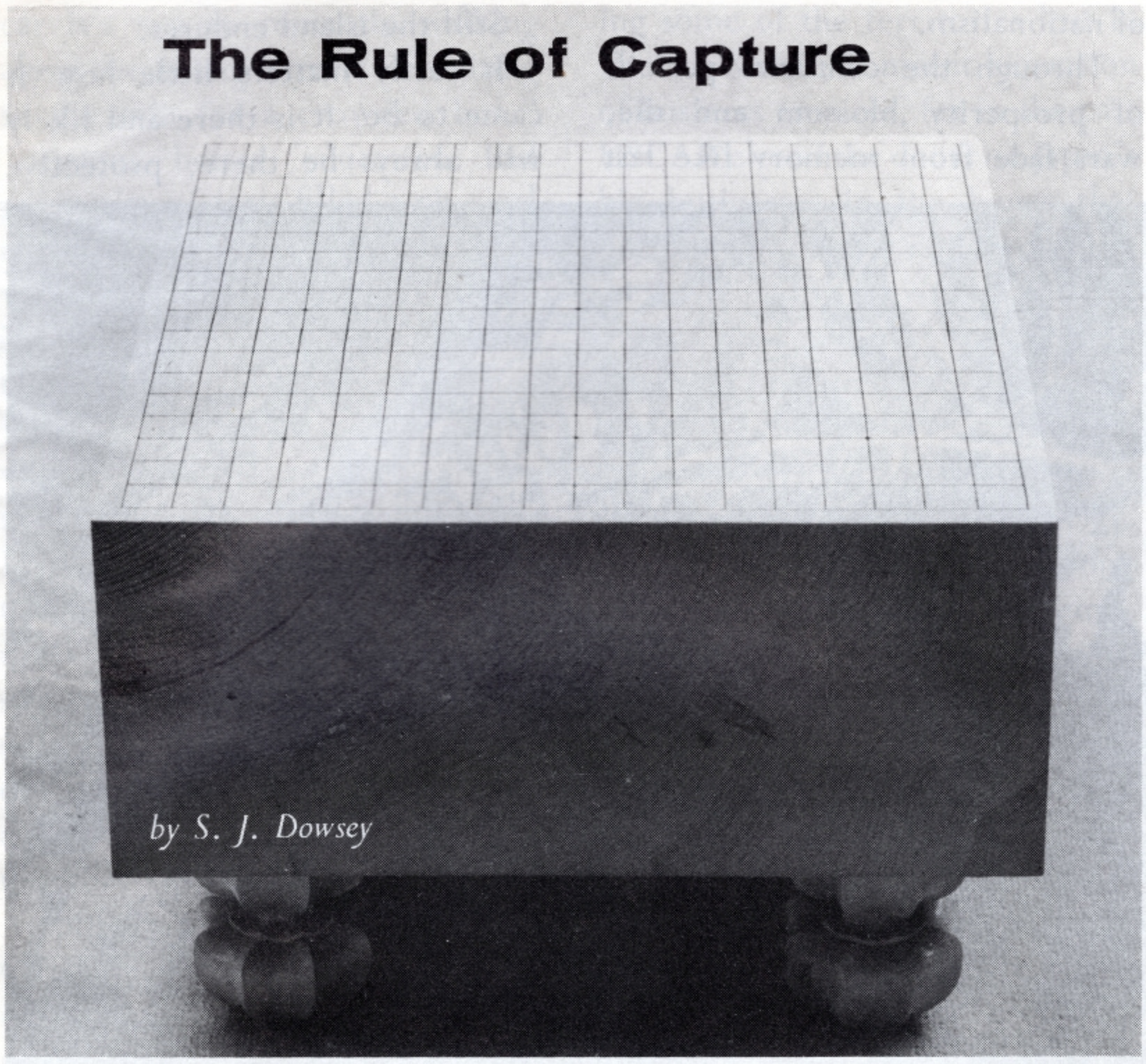
Through the centuries periods of prosperity blossom and die, wars fade from memory like last year's typhoons and the bones of many generations lay at rest in the strange turtle-back tombs of Okinawa.

Seifa Utaki *on Chinen Peninsula has long been a prominent place of worship. This is only a part of the grottoes, caves and jumbled boulders that make up the sacred grounds.*

Still the island endures.

It really matters little how it came to be. It is there and likely will always be there, protective and sympathetic to some, lonely and indifferent to others, but always loved by the gentle people who call it home. 東

The Rule of Capture



by S. J. Dowsey

WHILE THE ESSENCE of go lies in trying to enclose more territory than the opponent, much of its great variety stems from the rule of capture. This signifies simply that when all points immediately adjacent to a stone or group of stones are occupied by enemy stones, then that stone (or stones) is captured and removed from the board as a prisoner. Let's illustrate this idea with a few diagrams.

The three situations shown in Dia. 1 represent different stages in a capturing sequence. The solitary Black stone on the left can be compared with a man standing on an intersection in a big city. Just as the man can walk away to an adjacent crossing along the roads leading in the four directions, the stone is only immediately adjacent to those four points connected to it by the lines drawn on the surface of the board. These four points are marked "X" in the middle position, and if White can occupy all four, the Black stone will be captured. Had our man on the crossroads been a fugitive from justice, the same would hold if the four adjacent intersections were blocked by the police. As long as one free intersection is left, he is still at liberty. The result of the capture is shown on the right side.

Slightly different conditions apply at the edge of the board. The sides themselves form natural boundaries and thus a stone on the edge will be captured by only three enemy stones placed at the points marked "X" in Dia. 2. A stone in the corner is bounded by two sides and thus only the two points marked 'X' are relevant to capture or liberty.

A solidly connected group will also be captured once it has been surrounded. Stones are solidly connected when joined together directly along the lines of the board. Dia. 3 shows two such groups; the two Black stones on the left are connected along the vertical line between them while to the right is a slightly more complicated group of five Black stones. Either of these can be captured if White occupied the points marked "X" in the next diagram.

It is quite common for stones to be played in contact with the enemy on one or two sides. However when a single stone is surrounded on three sides it is under threat of capture and this is termed *atari*. In Dia. 5, White has just played △. The Black stone ▲ has only one escape route at "a" (one "liberty") and is in atari. White could with his next move play at 1 to capture the Black stone producing the position in Dia. 6. However, in the game it is Black's turn to play and he can connect with 1 to anchor his stone firmly to the

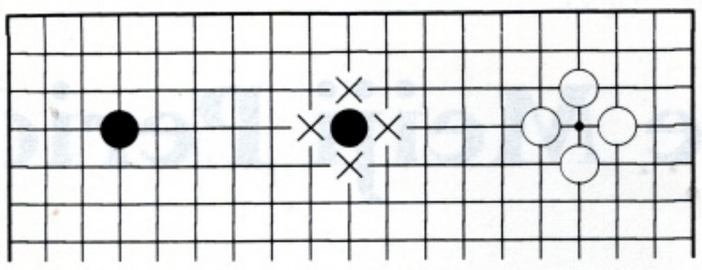
others and put it out of immediate danger, as in Dia. 7.

As another example, please look at Dia. 8. Three of the Black stones are in atari—do you see which ones? Dia. 9 will provide the answer as White plays 1 to capture and the final position is shown in Dia. 10.

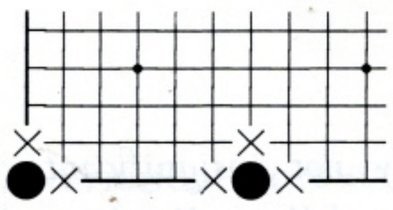
Captured stones become prisoners and are held in forfeit against the final score of the player who lost them. In other words a lost stone equals two lost points—one for the extra point of liberated territory and one for the prisoner held in forfeit. Thus capture can contribute to territory and affect the final outcome.

Before finishing the basic discussion of the rule of 'capture, I must leave you with a warning. Suicide is illegal. A stone may not be placed in a position having no liberties as this is suicidal. Black 1 in Dia. 11 is therefore illegal. Black has played himself into immediate capture which is impossible. If Black wishes to capture the four White stones he had best play 'a' first; then the point of 1 will become White's last liberty and Black can play there to capture with his next move. Note that in this case it would be capture, not suicide. White 1 in Dia. 12 is another illegal attempt as it creates a three-stone group with no liberties.

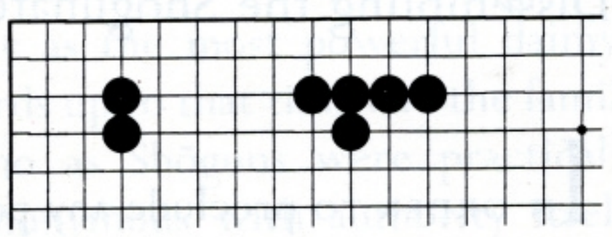
In order for stones and territory to be left on the board at the end of the game there must be some limits to capture. We will examine the borderline between capture and safety in the next issue when we plumb the mysteries of "Life and Death." 東



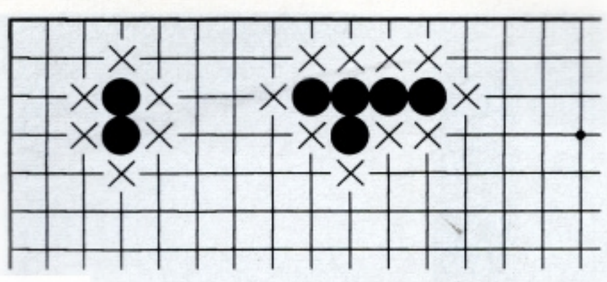
Dia. 1



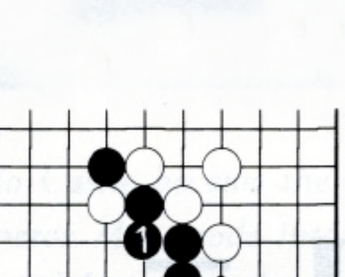
Dia. 2



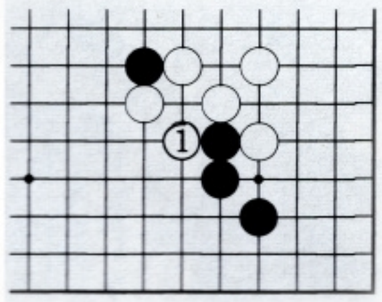
Dia. 3



Dia. 4

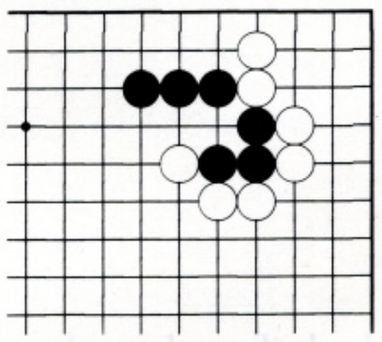


Dia. 5

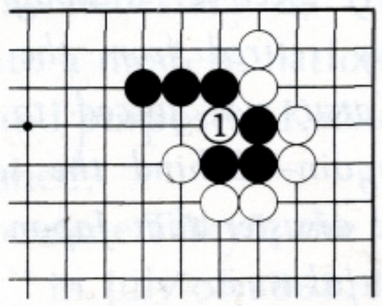


Dia. 6

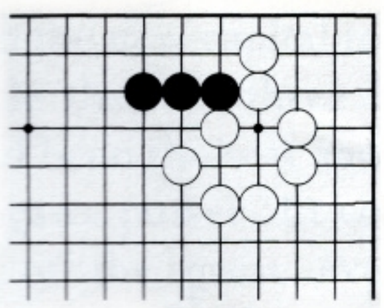
Dia. 7



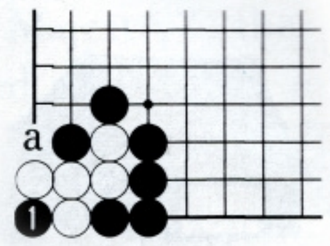
Dia. 8



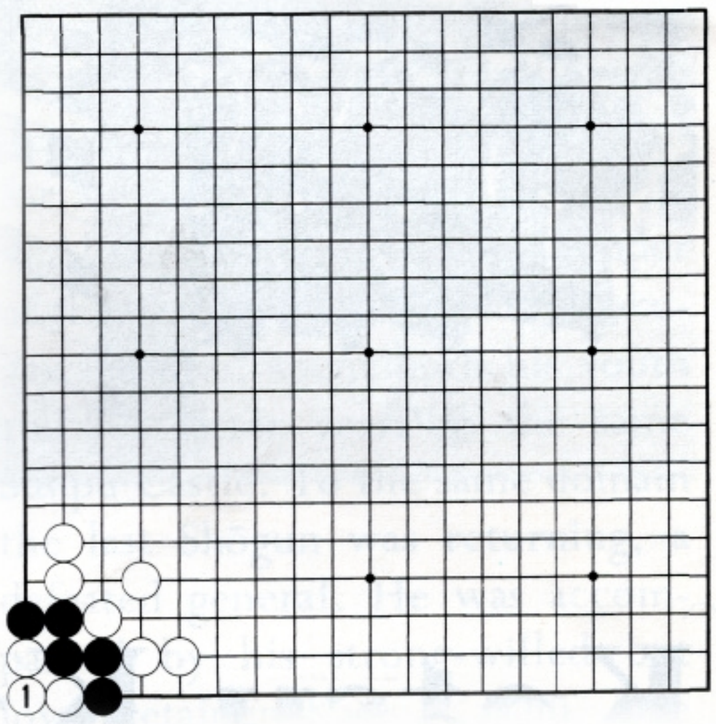
Dia. 9



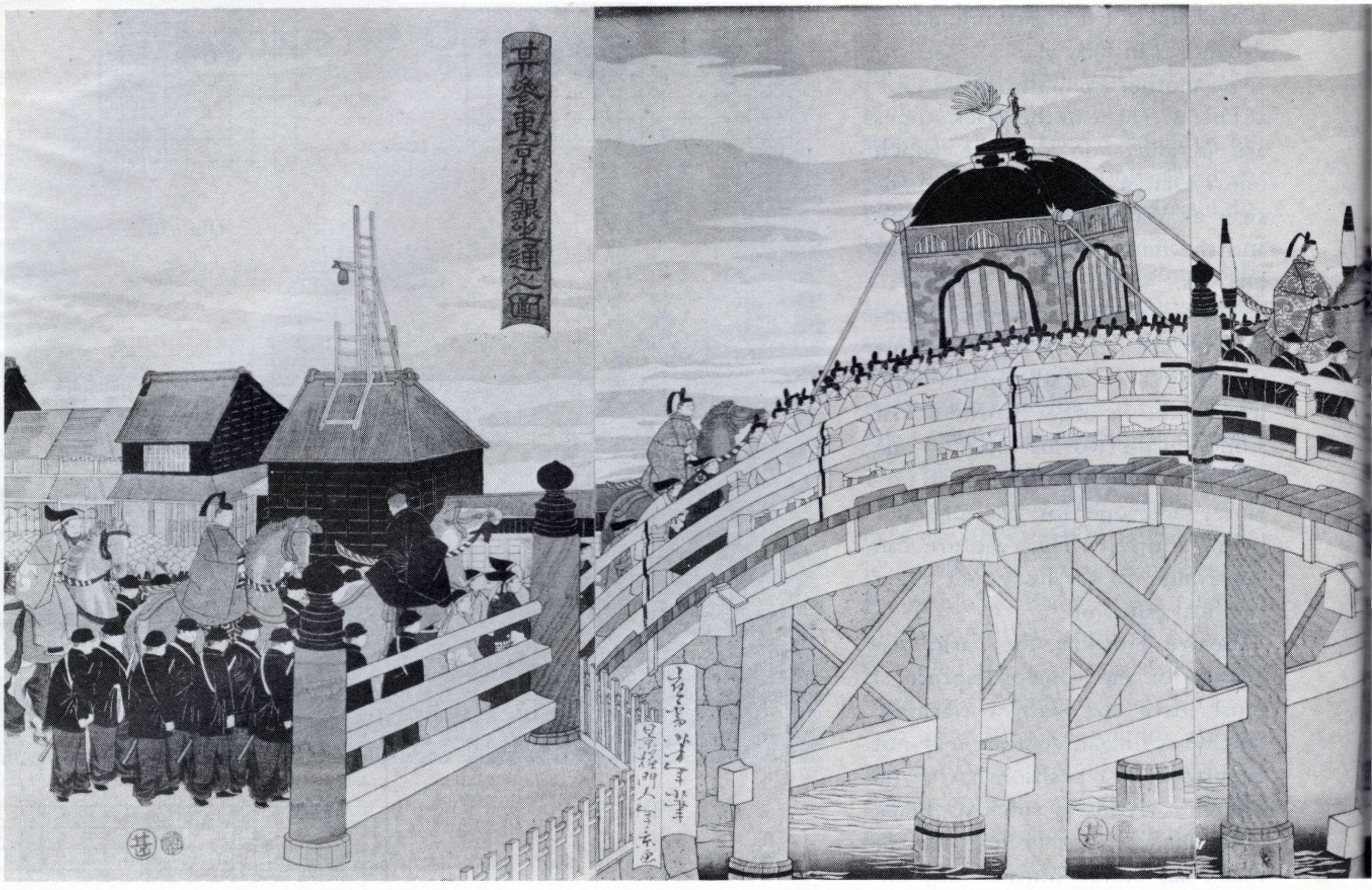
Dia. 10



Dia. 11



Dia. 12



Katsu Kaishū 3
Reconciliation: Katsu in the Meiji Period

by Yonekura Isamu

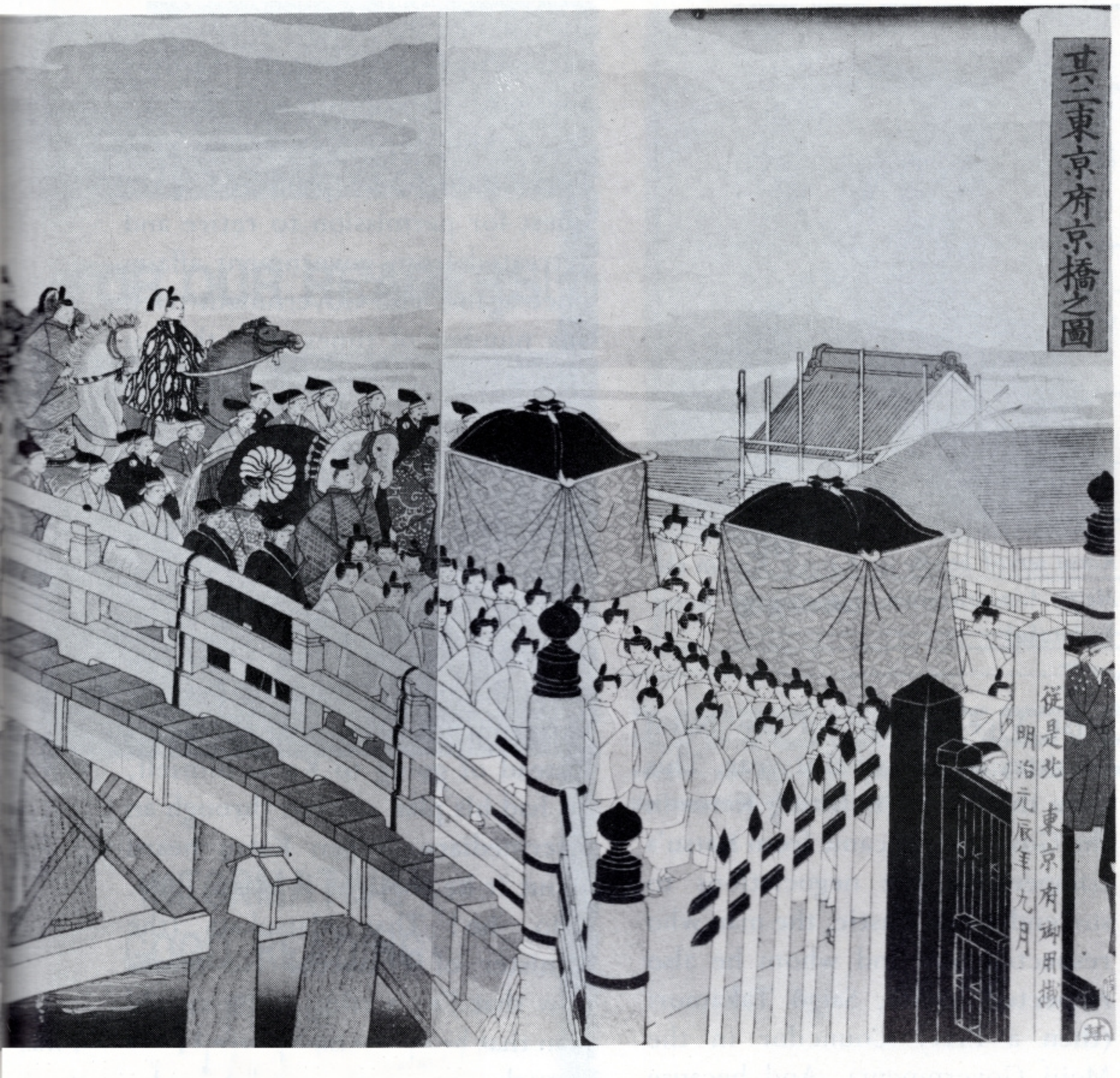
Edo Castle had been surrendered without spilling a drop of soldier's or citizen's blood and the New Meiji Government was decisively under way. The man who had been so instrumental in shaping these events, however, shied away from a prominent role, preferring as ever to stay in the background and continue to do what he thought right when he thought right.

But the factional split that Katsu Kaishū had feared and worked so assiduously to avoid before the Meiji Restoration loomed if anything more imminently after it. Although he had supposedly retired from the political scene, Katsu was forced to go into action again—behind the scenes—to avert the disaster that Japan faced in that eventful time.

As we follow Katsu through a part of his career that is lesser known though certainly not insignificant, we bring the story of Katsu Kaishū and the series "Great Generals of Japan" to a close.

Dissembling the Shōgunate

In order to preclude any possibility of the Tokugawa family regaining their former power, the



Edo became Tōkyō and Edo Castle became the Imperial Palace in 1868 when Emperor Meiji rode into the city in his palanquin accompanied by a grand procession. ("Tōkyō Rinkō" in poss. of Oka Michitaka)

Meiji Government reduced the Tokugawa estate to one-sixth of its former land holdings. This served to fairly annihilate the Tokugawa's problematic and dominating identity as the most powerful daimyō lords up to that time and the family who as Shōguns were practically synonymous with authority itself. The Tokugawa were cut down to the level of lords of an average-size domain in Suruga (now Shizuoka Prefecture). The curtailment coincided with Katsu's judgement of what was necessary to transform Japan into a modern nation. To all intents and purposes, Katsu's work was finished.

Edo became Tōkyō, the "Eastern Capital," in July of 1868. In October of that year a grand procession bore the Emperor Meiji from Kyōto to the new capital to occupy the castle that for three hundred years had been the seat and symbol of Tokugawa power. In commemoration of the great event, the Emperor caused saké to be distributed freely among the Tōkyō townspeople. Delightedly dubbing the gift the "*tenpai chōdai* (天盃頂戴)" or "the saké cup from His Imperial Majesty," the revellers drank and caroused in a gala celebration supposedly not seen before or since.

While the happy rioting was going on in the streets of the capital, the ex-Shōgun Yoshinobu, his castle now taken, trudged with his 80,000 retainers from Mito where he had been dociiely awaiting the decision of the Meiji Government for Sunpu in Suruga.

Almost ironically, the founder of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, Tokugawa Ieyasu, spent both his youth and his latter years in the same Sunpu Castle. To the same domain the last Shōgun was returning, a defeated general. He was accompanied by his strong-willed but loyal retainer Katsu Kaishū. The largescale change of residence involved two steamships and took twenty days.

When the Tokugawa family moved in, the city of Shizuoka consisted of only 12,000 households. Now suddenly accommodations had to be found for 80,000 people. It was a wild scramble.

Katsu took the lead in negotiating for temporary board for all these people, making the rounds of every farmhouse, temple and shrine in the area, until finally every last Tokugawa retainer had some kind of place to stay.

The succeeding July, 1869, Katsu received an appointment to the post of Gaimu Taiyū 外務大輔, First Vice-Minister (Acting Minister) of Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the Meiji Government. He

turned it down. That November he received a second appointment, to the post of HyōbuTaigoku 兵部大丞, Secretary of Ministry of War. This he accepted and then turned in his resignation the very next day. Katsu was still only 47 years old, but he felt no desire to become active in the political arena at that time. No, he would rather retire and lead a peaceful existence for a change. One part of him took a relish in political doings—primarily as a backstage manipulator—and he had accomplished a great deal already. At the same time, another part of him stood back and snorted at the pettiness and idiocy of the political world. "What I would really like to have done is wander around the country living the life of a literati like the vagabond poet of the middle ages Saigyō," he declared to a close friend, muttering at another time, "If I didn't have a wife and kids I would a heck of a lot rather have been boss of a gang of thieves."

Katsu seems to have really been serious about his dream of cutting all ties with the secular world, shrugging a shoulder at high responsibilities and sequestering himself in a quiet place. After denying the insistent calls to duty of the Meiji Government, he finally notified the Tokugawa family that he was leaving their service. The Tokugawa, however, relied upon Katsu more than any other man and they refused to let him go.

A Short Bank Governorship

FIVE YEARS after the migration to Shizuoka, Katsu moved back to his old Hikawa residence in the Akasaka district of Tōkyō. The Meiji Government promptly nominated him Kaigun Taiyū 海軍大輔,

Katsu served briefly as Kaigun Kyō in the Meiji Administration. (courtesy of Katsu Yoshitaka)

First Vice-Minister of the Naval Ministry in May of that year. This time the idea of enlisting Katsu in the Government came from Katsu's compeer in the negociations to surrender Edo Castle, the man who respected him and whom he also respected highly, Saigō Takamori (then a Privy Councilor in the Meiji Government). And because it came from Saigō, Katsu accepted the appointment.

In the new post, one of the more difficult tasks with which Katsu was faced was that of reconciling a major falling out in Saigō's own province. Shimazu Hisamitsu, lord of Kagoshima, had been maneuvering in the Government to oust Saigō from the Privy Council. Katsu was dispatched to Kagoshima to try to effect some kind of harmony between the Shimazu faction and Saigō's followers.

Whatever Katsu may have said to Shimazu—unfortunately we have no record—it must have been persuasive, because his mission was successful. There was something in Katsu Kaishū's character that made him inordinately capable in deciding disputes and reconciling differences, as the Meiji Government had rightly perceived.

Katsu had not been Kaigun Taiyū for 19 months before he was advanced to Privy Councilor holding the post of Kaigun Kyō 海軍卿, Naval Minister. A bare one year later, though, he proffered a request for permission to retire and retreated from government affairs once again. The Government tried any number of times after that to arouse Katsu's interest, with no success.

Once the Minister of Finance, prompted by his admiration for the competence with which Katsu had handled Tokugawa finances during the latter days of the Shōgunate, wished to approach Katsu with the proposition that he take over as Governor of the Bank of Japan. Instead of going to Katsu himself, he had his plan relayed through an intermediary. When Katsu heard about it he thought it was a joke. "Ho, ho! That Matsukata (the Minister of Finance)! He thinks now that I'm getting to be an old man that he has to make sure I have enough money to make it to the other world. Sure, sure. Tell him any time."

The intermediary took Katsu at his word. He immediately reported to the Minister of Finance that Katsu had agreed to take the position. The Minister nodded as if he had expected it and sent a message to Katsu: "If you are indeed interested, you may come see me at my residence."

Katsu blew his top. "Tell him anyone who wants to see me comes to where I am!" he roared. And when the Minister of Finance put in a mild appearance in person the roars got louder, "Matsukata! You didn't really think you were going to make me your subordinate, did you? I won't have anyone ordering me around, not even Saigō. You're just a tabbycat. I'm a tiger. Who ever heard of a tabbycat using a tiger!" Much abashed, the Minister slunk home.

KATSU's "retirement" notwithstanding, all manner and description of persons came to visit him at his residence, to ask his opinion or consult with him—merchants to talk about their business, officials to listen to Katsu hold forth on politics and government, soldiers to discuss military matters, students to ask his advice regarding their studies. The whole gamut of trades were represented, ranks ranged from high to low, and the visitors came from the far north and south to Kyūshū as well as near Tōkyō. Supposedly more than three thousand people came from the outlying areas alone.

All greeting and ushering of visitors were handled by the women in the family (mostly his younger sisters) although this role would ordinarily have been delegated to his students. The departure from the custom of the time was actually a psychological strategem—Katsu figured even the roughest ruffian or assassin would hesitate to attack a woman.

It was Katsu's practice to initiate each first time visitor with a frightful roar. "Idiot!" "Ignoramus!" "Get out and come back when you've done your homework!" This was sufficient to make the average puffed-chested politician bolt, cringing, for the nearest exit. When he really put his heart into it, he could probably have intimidated a wild tiger, so fierce was his assault. Some ran out the door as fast as their legs would carry them and never showed their faces again. At other times he adopted an attitude of over-polite ignorance, which served to reduce his visitor to a fit of cowering as soon as he realized that Katsu was cutting him down. In all fairness though, it must be said that Katsu reserved this treatment for those who deserved it and never taunted or shouted at people who were sincere and capable.

Katsu's Roar undoubtedly developed out of years of facing opponents who willed or intended his demise or who were blinded into unreason by the thirst for power. By the rod or by the caress, his aim was to take his opponent completely by surprise, stripping him naked for an instant to reveal his true face. After extensive experience with adversities of every kind, it had become Katsu's second nature.

Revolt of Tokugawa supporters (Shogi-tai) at Ueno (poss. of Nakamura Fumiya)

After 31 years as a "traitor," Yoshinobu received the Emperor's forgiveness and acceptance as a loyal Imperial retainer. (from Nihon-shi Tanpo, *Kadokawa Shoten)*

Although Katsu supposedly no longer had any interest in government and politics, the constant stream of callers kept him abreast of the movements and developments of the political world. Urging his favorite Western cakes and candies and a cup of coffee on the guest, Katsu would listen intently to what he had to say, inserting his comments without reserve. And his criticism. He was particularly critical of the tendency on the part of the officials in the new Meiji Government to disintegrate into provincial factions. "What's wrong with the Meiji Government officials is the way they always talk about 'Me' 'Me' 'Me', 'I'm going to do this' and 'I did that.' Who cares who did it? The welfare of the nation is what is important." And: "Take our household for example. Every man and woman in the house has a particular job, one he's used to doing. If all of a sudden the head of the house says Scram! I'm going to do everything from now on,' do you really think he would be able to handle it? But that's what all your government officials are saying."

Katsu didn't think much more of the way the Meiji Government was working zealously to devour Western culture at a gulp through indiscriminate emulation. "A nation has to stand on its own two feet, it has to have a superior excellence of its own. It's fine to look to the West and to take what's good from Western culture, but you have to have something of your own, something solid. And they (the government officials) don't have it."

Among his other pursuits, Katsu also looked after the retainers of the fallen Tokugawa family. On the two big occasions at the middle and end of the year he would leave his house loaded with little bundles of coins wrapped in paper to make the rounds of the old Tokugawa retainers, depositing the allotments as he went. Plunged into unwonted desttution by the sudden change of government, an endless stream of samurai in need of loans flowed in and out of his Hikawa residence. By helping the needy samurai out in this unobtrusive way, Katsu hoped to dispel their dissatisfactions and contribute to harmony in the newly emerging nation.

Women and Children Galore

KATSU'S HOUSEHOLD embraced a large number of people. Moreover, it included not only his official wife but his mistresses and their children as well. Governing it must have been quite a trick. Besides his wife Tami and their two boys and two girls, there were Tami's family, Katsu's personal maids, the kitchen maids, four mistresses and five children fathered by Katsu, not to mention Katsu's younger sisters. As de facto head of the house, Tami, three years Katsu's senior, managed all the household affairs. Everyone admired her for her efficient capability and common sense and for the uncomplaining fairness with which she dispatched the job of running that difficult small community, treating Katsu's children by his mistresses in no way different from her own and assuring that no disturbances would be allowed to arise. She never showed any sign of jealousy despite Katsu's frankly imprudent lumping of all his women under one roof. She always appeared as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Just once did she give a hint that she had not found the arrangment altogether to her taste—in the last words she spoke before she died: "You are not to bury me next to my husband. I will lie beside my eldest boy Koroku." That was all.

Surrounded by his vast troop, the supposedly cloistered Katsu would retreat to his study to write his series of books on government (*Kaikoku Kigen* 開国 起源), military science (*Kaigun Rekishi* 海軍歴史) and diplomacy (*Suijinroku* 吹塵録) during the latter days of the Shōgunate. All have become invaluable sources for historians researching that period.

Murmurs of Malcontents

THE MEIJI Administration had launched a new government and proclaimed itself a modern state, but the way ahead was still long and treacherous. The dissatisfied samurai who had lost title and position in the Restoration barely contained a violent energy that was ready to explode into rebellion at any moment. Unhappiest of all were those who had fallen farthest and who had the least chance of being included as members of the new government—the Tokugawa fam-

ily's close retainers. Katsu was very well aware that if the Tokugawa vassals should rise up in earnest, the foundations of the new nation, laid at such a cost in effort, would be ripped apart, placing the country in grave danger of falling in pieces.

In the province of Saga during 1874, the year before Katsu resigned, and then again the year after his resignation in Kumamoto, Fukuoka and Hagi (Yamaguchi), disgruntled samurai rose in a series of rebellions. All were put down by Government troops and the leaders sentenced to death. With the situation so tense, all that was needed was for the Tokugawa retainers to become inspired to raise an army and go against the Meiji Government. Katsu hammered away at them, reiterating time and again that they must avoid dissension at all cost for the sake of the country. To the 16th head of the Tokugawa family Iesato he wrote, "No matter what, you must avoid blind actions lightly undertaken."

Katsu's inconspicuous activity proved effective. The time of danger passed and the threat of rebellion by the Tokugawa retainers was never realized.

As the Meiji Government consolidated its power as the center of administration, it faced the major difficulty of ordering its international relations. The adversaries with which it had to deal were the most powerful nations on the globe, and the men who were responsible for dealing with them knew that theirs was no easy task. They set forth a policy for securing Japan's position in Asia by putting pressure as quickly as possible on the lesser countries near Japan. A request for resumption of diplomatic relations was conveyed to Korea in 1868, while four years later Japan formally enjoined Ch'ing China to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce. Korea, however, desired no interference with its policy of isolation and so merely turned its head in the other direction as though it had not heard, bringing negotiations to a grinding halt before they had half begun. Nor did Ch'ing respond in any way at all encouraging.

The Japanese Government was stamping its feet impatiently at Korea's obstinacy. A militant group inside the Government with Saigō Takamori at the head pressed for a punitive expedition against Korea to convince them by force since they refused to "listen to reason." They won and their policy became Government policy.

No sooner had the expedition been decided than Councilors Kido Kōin and Ookubo Toshimichi, who had been visiting the Western countries in an attempt to open negotiations to change the trade treaties, came back home and denounced the plan. Their opposition gathered the majority of voices and the expedition was called off. This broke the Government into two factions. All lined up on one side or the other except for Katsu, Kaigun Kyō at the time, who stood between them and refrained from expressing an opinion. "How can you just stand back and not say anything about a question as important as this? You're outrageous!" Saigō reproached Katsu indignantly. Katsu merely smiled.

Katsu later admitted that he had been opposed to the expedition. But he was afraid that if he insisted on taking a stand it would serve to finalize the split in the administration and produce utter confusion, so he tried instead to bring the two to a reconciliation. This time, however, his efforts went for naught.

Saigō was furious at the scrapping of the expedition. He slammed

Katsu Kaishū in his latter years (courtesy of Katsu Yoshitaka , Kadokawa Shoten)

Katsu's was a large and inclusive household. (courtesy of Katsu Yoshitaka)

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down a letter of resignation and lit out for his home province in Kyūshū. His resignation caused a furor in the Government as the Imperial Guards from Satsuma left one after another to join Saigō and some 300 members of the Tōkyō police force who were also from Satsuma resigned and followed Saigō to Kagoshima.

Rebellion and Defeat

As soon as Saigō returned to Kagoshima he set about establishing a school of his own. Eight hundred samurai disgruntled with the Meiji Government's policy gathered at the school and began training. A school in name only, the institute was actually designed to train Saigō's own private militia, particularly in the use of rifles and cannon.) Saigō and his compatriots formed another school to educate the youth and train them in military arts at the same time. The rapidly growing school loomed as an imminent threat to the Meiji Government.

Saigō led his army into rebellion at last in 1877, 10,000 troops of no mean resolution. They stormed Kumamoto Castle. The Government was rightly alarmed. If Kumamoto Castle should be allowed to fall to the rebels the insurrection might spread to all the discontents in the country and they would have a full revolution on their hands. The Government had to do something to quell the insurrection and fast.

Faced with the necessity to settle things immediately Iwakura Tomomi, the head of the Government, sent for—who else but Katsu. "Go to Kagoshima as soon as you can and convince Saigō to call off the rebellion."

Katsu's reply: "If the Government takes a decisive step I will go to Kagoshima and fulfill my mission impeccably."

Iwakura got the hint of an either-or condition lurking behind Katsu's noncommittal politeness. "By 'decisive step' you undoubtedly mean forcing Ookubo and Kido to resign."

"That is exactly right."

"Ookubo and Kido are the keystones of the state, they are absolutely necessary. It can't be done."

"Well then," said Katsu, "I guess I will have to refuse what you ask." Katsu never clearly stated why he had demanded the resignation of Ookubo and Kido as a condition for his going to conciliate Saigō when he agreed with both of them that the Korean expedition should be abandoned. But he regarded Saigō extremely highly and he probably hoped to woo Saigō back to the Government and talk him out of the Korea thing later. Saigō opposed the position of Ookubo and Kido on almost every issue so there was little doubt he would refuse to have anything to do with the Meiji Government while they were around.

Back before Saigō actually revolted, when he was still making secret preparations for the uprising, one of his right-hand men suggested, "When the Government finds out about the plan for the revolution, they'll probably send Katsu down here as a secret emissary to try and dissuade you."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Saigō laughed. "What makes you think Katsu would come?"

Saigō knew Katsu too well to think that he would come to parley without cutting the two giant obstacles Ookubo and Kido out of the Government first.

The clash between Saigō's army and the Government went on for eight months and spread through every district of Kyūshū, until Saigō's forces were driven from Kumamoto Castle and the commander Saigō himself committed suicide on September 24, 1877. The revolution was over.

Called the Seinan (West-South) War, this conflict represented the last resistance of the samurai to the new administration. With Saigō subdued, the Meiji Government had gained a solid footing that could not be easily dislodged.

A Good Name Restored

Seven years after Saigō's death, several samurai from Kagoshima who had been students of Saigō paid a visit to Katsu at his Hikawa residence in Tōkyō. They had come to see if something couldn't be done to resurrect the honor of their teacher and leader who had been blackmarked as a traitor. Katsu was more than willing to help. "Actually I've been thinking about the same thing myself. Why don't you just leave it to me." And he sent them home.

Katsu called on his friend the famous master swordsman Yamaoka Tesshū. He asked Tesshū, who served the Emperor Meiji directly, to try to put in a word with the Emperor about reconsidering Saigō's status. The Emperor agreed and ordered the Government to send Saigō's eldest son abroad on a kind of special scholarship. Provision was made for Saigō Toratarō to study army science in Germany. It was perhaps a very Japanese way of doing things, but Emperor Meiji intended by making the appointment of Saigō's son public to show his recognition of the service rendered by Saigō to his Emperor and nation. At the same time, all the men who fought with Saigō and their families had their names

cleared of the onus of a traitor's reputation. As the dark cloud was lifted the samurai of Kagoshima lost their bitter feelings toward the Meiji Government.

The Last Reconciliation

THERE WAS ONE more reconciliation to be made in order to achieve real harmony in the new nation. On March 2, 1898, Tokugawa Yoshinobu, now a common civilian, had his first audience with the Emperor since the days before the Shōgunate had been dissolved. He was received by both Emperor Meiji and the Empress Yoshiko.

An astounding number of people turned out on the snowy January day for Katsu's funeral. (poss. of Katsu Yoshitaka)

Wearing full formal dress, the ex-Shōgun was directed through the halls of the castle that had once been his after the audience to a Japanese style room where the Emperor bestowed a warm hospitality on him and the Empress herself poured saké for him. The Emperor further presented Yoshinobu with gifts of a silver vase, a set of three silver saké cups and a bolt each of fine red and white crêpe cloth. After thirty years of suffering the obloquy attendant on an "Imperial enemy," during which Yoshinobu had been in voluntary confinement, at last his honor had been restored. The long-standing dissension between the Court and the Shōgunate had been resolved at last, and with it the resentment of all those who had been faithful to the Tokugawa family.

Behind all these movements toward reconciliation the shadow of one former Tokugawa retainer, now endowed with the title of Count and the position of Advisor to the Privy Council, can be discerned. Katsu had realized his aims. In a sense the bloodless surrender of Edo Castle had taken him thirty years. But he had accomplished it.

Yoshinobu was very grateful, and on the way back from his interview with the Emperor at Edo Castle he stopped by Katsu's house to thank him. "I feel like a great weight has been lifted from my shoulders, thanks to you," he said warmly.

It was not even a year after that, in January of 1899, that Katsu died of a brain hemorrhage. He was 77 years old. 東

Coming Up in the Next Issue:

People: Fukuda Yasuhiko, Master Flute-Maker

Not very long ago an executive named Fukuda Yasuhiko threw up a job of 20 years to become a flutemaker. It should have been impossible for him to learn the specialized craft at that late date. But he has already produced masterpieces. The yokobue, a holed bamboo flute indispensable in traditional Japanese music, is still made in the same way it was 1100 years ago. A flutemaker has to rely on his ears and the instinct in his fingers. Masterpieces are rare. Here is the truly amazing story behind how, in only five years, Fukuda managed to master this delicate craft.

The Calendar Year: July

Twice every year, in July and December, a vast wave of gift-giving sweeps over Japan. Everyone gives presents—individuals, companies, groups and organizations. We intend to take a look at gift-giving customs in Japan, focussing on the mid-July exchanges of o-chugen.

Culture: Wasen, the Ships of Japan

Japan is an island country. Whatever she has imported from outside has been brought by ship. She depends on ships for fishing, for commerce. We will trace the distinctive ships made and used in Japan from ancient days until the influx of Western technology in modern times, their shapes, building and construction and some of the multitude of fascinating legends and beliefs that surround the wasen.

Notice: Vol. IX No. 6 will reach you about the middle of June We allow six weeks for delivery.

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A Back For a Stomach

THE HEROES OF the Iroha Cards are not the specially brainy, the specially brawny or the rulers of great nations. They are the common folk of the Edo Period. And a lot of them were poor. None of your labor unions or coffee breaks or demands for a five-day week. And of course no silly worries about "how can I best spend all my leisure time?" If you asked them they would just have laughed in your face and snorted, "I'd use the extra two days to finish up the work I didn't get done in the other five." As the card for ひ (from 比), pronounced *hi* (or "he" as in "he doesn't have much choice, does he?"), sighs, びんぼう (貧乏) ひまなし, *bimbō hima nashi*. "The poor man has no leisure."

The card for ひ shows a poor radish-peddler with a patch on the left sleeve of his kimono trudging along and trying to sell the wares weighing heavy on his back. (With the price of radishes being what it is now he'd be more likely to ride by in a spanking new pickup truck.)

Even though radishes are doing better, Japanese still use the phrase *bimbō hima nashi* quite often these days. "You're pretty busy lately, aren't you T-san? Business must be good." At which T-san brushes a few specks of dust from his new imported English tweed jacket and laughs, "No, no, you know, bimbō hima nashi."

Mo, も, from 毛 (also *mō*) gives us a serviceable simile: もんぜん (門前) のこぞうならわぬきょう (経) をよむ, *monzen no kozō narawanu kyō o yomu* or "the kid living by the temple who reads sutras without studying." As the child grows up with the chanting of sutras dinning his ears he learns without thinking, whether he wants to or not. The phrase is applied to knowledge gained naturally from one's surroundings without any conscious effort.

When the ancient Chinese philosopher Mo-tzu 孟子 (372–289 B.C.) was growing up, he lived with his mother near a graveyard. His mother became concerned when she discovered that his favorite game was making graves. In

order to discourage these morbid leanings, she moved into town, this time to a street lined with shops. The next thing she knew, Mo-tzu was mimicking the merchants in their money-making activities. Since she did not want him to become a merchant, Motzu's mother finally moved next door to a school, whereupon the young Mo-tzu applied himself assiduously to his studies and became the next great philosopher after Confucious and founder of the Mohist school of ethics. Known as the *Mōbo sansen* (*no oshié*), (Japanese readering of the Chinese phrase 孟母三遷) or the "moral of the three moves of Mo-tzu and his mother," this episode admonishes parents in the same way as the Iroha card.

Finally, せ, *se*, from the character

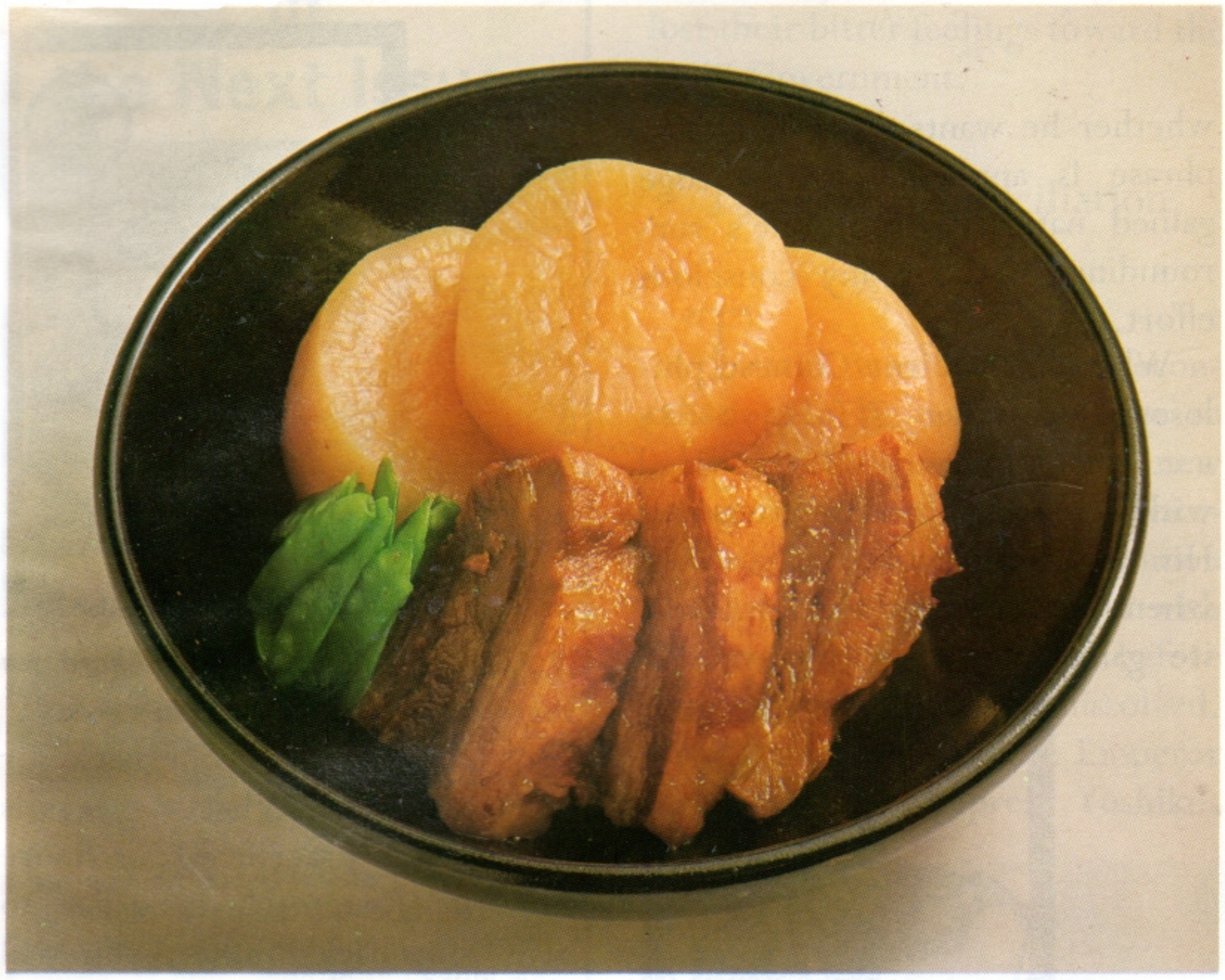
世, heads the phrase *se ni hara wa kaerarenu*, せにはらはかえられぬ: "you can't change your back for your stomach." What it means is that you can't sacrifice your (more important) stomach in order to save your back; rather, you will have to sacrifice your back for your stomach, there's no help for it. The people of the Edo Period

from Edo Iroha published by Shinsen-sha
Cut paper illustrations by Takidaira Jiro

certainly valued their backs as well as their stomachs, but when it came to priorities . . . well, people probably have not changed that much.

The phrase was invoked when a person was faced with two equally distressing alternatives and the necessity to choose one, as a kind of shrug of resignation. "Guess I'll just have to part with my back in behalf of my stomach. Life is hard. Life is hard." 東

An Okinawan Pork Dish



OKINAWAN COOKING could hardly exist without pork, so often is it used. In contrast with the light taste of cooking in other areas of Japan where meat is rarely eaten, Okinawan dishes exploit the rich fatty taste of the meat and add a variety of spices, more like Chinese cooking. Special delicacies are: thinly sliced uncooked pig's ear garnished with ginger and/or vinegar plus miso (bean paste); boiled pork such as is introduced here; soup made with tripe, mushrooms, onions, etc.; burdock wrapped in pork and boiled; tender boiled pigs' feet.

Ingredients (Serves Four):

$1\frac{1}{3}$lb (600g) daikon (white radish) or turnips if you cannot possibly find daikon
1 tablespoon uncooked rice

to boil daikon — A:
- 2 cups dashi (fish soup stock)
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- msg

bean ponds
$1\frac{1}{2}$ (600g) cut of fat pork
3 tablespoons saké

to boil pork — B:
- 1 cup pork stock
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons mirin (very sweet saké)
- $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons soy sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bonito flakes

To Prepare:

1. Cut the daikon into round slices over an inch thick (4–5 cm) and cut away skin. Cut a light cross into the reverse side and place in pan with just enough water to cover the radish. Add the rice and boil over medium heat. When boiled to moderate softness remove water and add ingredients A, boiling until taste has been absorbed (a few minutes).
2. Remove threads from bean pods and heat in boiling water until the color changes.
3. Place the piece of pork in boiling water; as soon as it begins to turn white, take it out and drain it. Then put it in a pan with just enough water to cover it, add the saké and place over medium heat. When it starts to boil, turn the heat down and let it cook for about an hour until it becomes quite tender. Cut into four pieces. Save the pork soup stock.
4. Into a different pan put the four pieces of meat, the stock and the sugar and mirin (if you have no mirin, make up for it with sugar and saké), then simmer over low heat for about twenty minutes. When the meat has begun to absorb the sweetness add 3 tablespoons of soy sauce and simmer for another 20 minutes. Taste, add the remainder of the soy sauce, cook for another 20 minutes and you're done at last! Serve as shown in the illustration.

Daikon

Originally a product of Central Asia, daikon is one of the most popular ingredients in everyday Japanese cooking. Varieties differ widely, from Miyashigé daikon 50 cm long and 10–15 cm in diameter to the Shōgo-in daikon "like a child's head" to the long thin Moriguchi daikon which reaches a length of two meters. The light flavor appeals to Japanese taste buds, and the vegetable manages to contain a generous dose of diastase and vitamin C. It is boiled, salted, eaten raw, pickled in miso. Though it is available the year round, late fall or early winter daikon taste the best.

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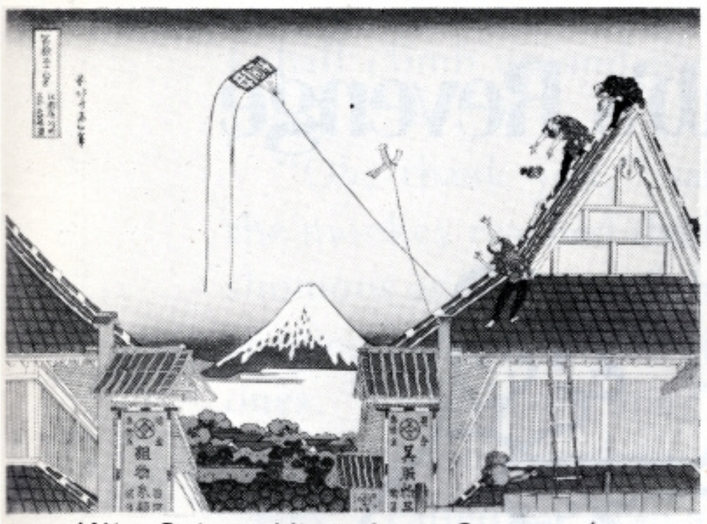
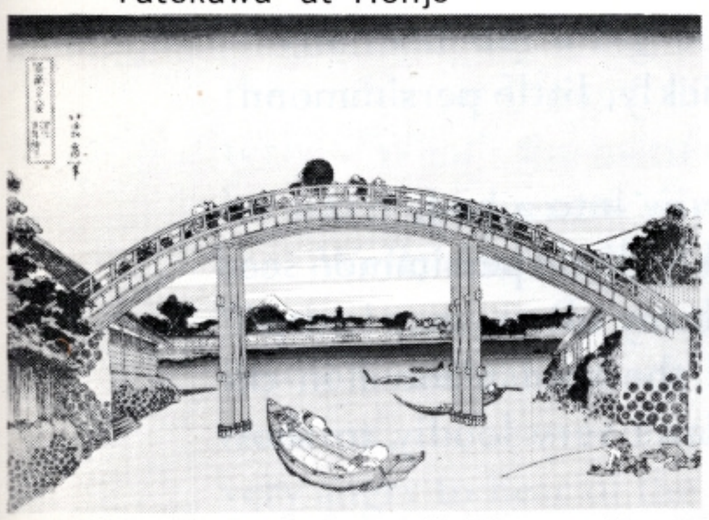
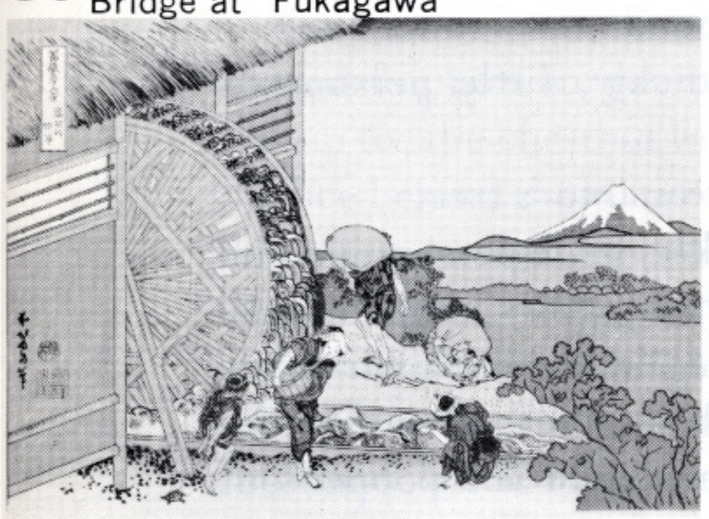


S1 Kite-flying: View from Surugacho in Edo

S2 The Lumberyards: View from Tatekawa at Honjo



S3 View through beneath Mannen-bashi Bridge at Fukagawa



S4 View from the Mill at Onden

S5 Ferry Boats and Fishing Boats: View from Tsukudajima in Musashi

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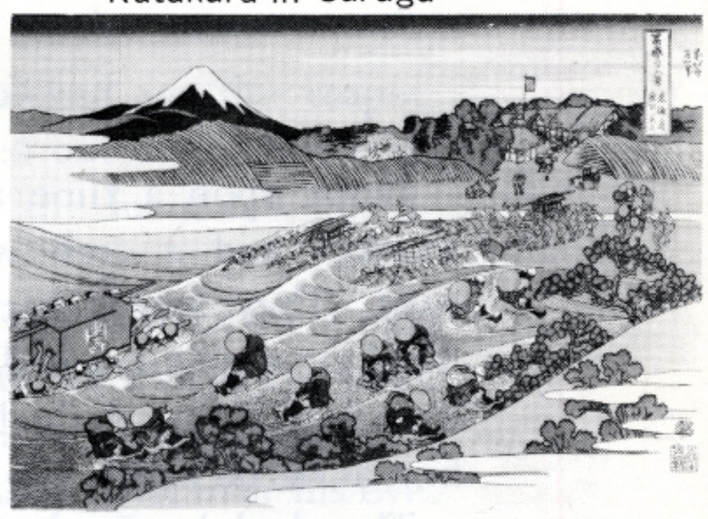
S6 Flying Cranes: View from Umesawa in Sagami

S7 Gathering Tea Leaves: View from Katakura in Suruga



S8 Fording the River at Kanaya on the Tokaido Highway

S9 Stopping for a Rest and the View from Yoshida on the Tokaido Highway

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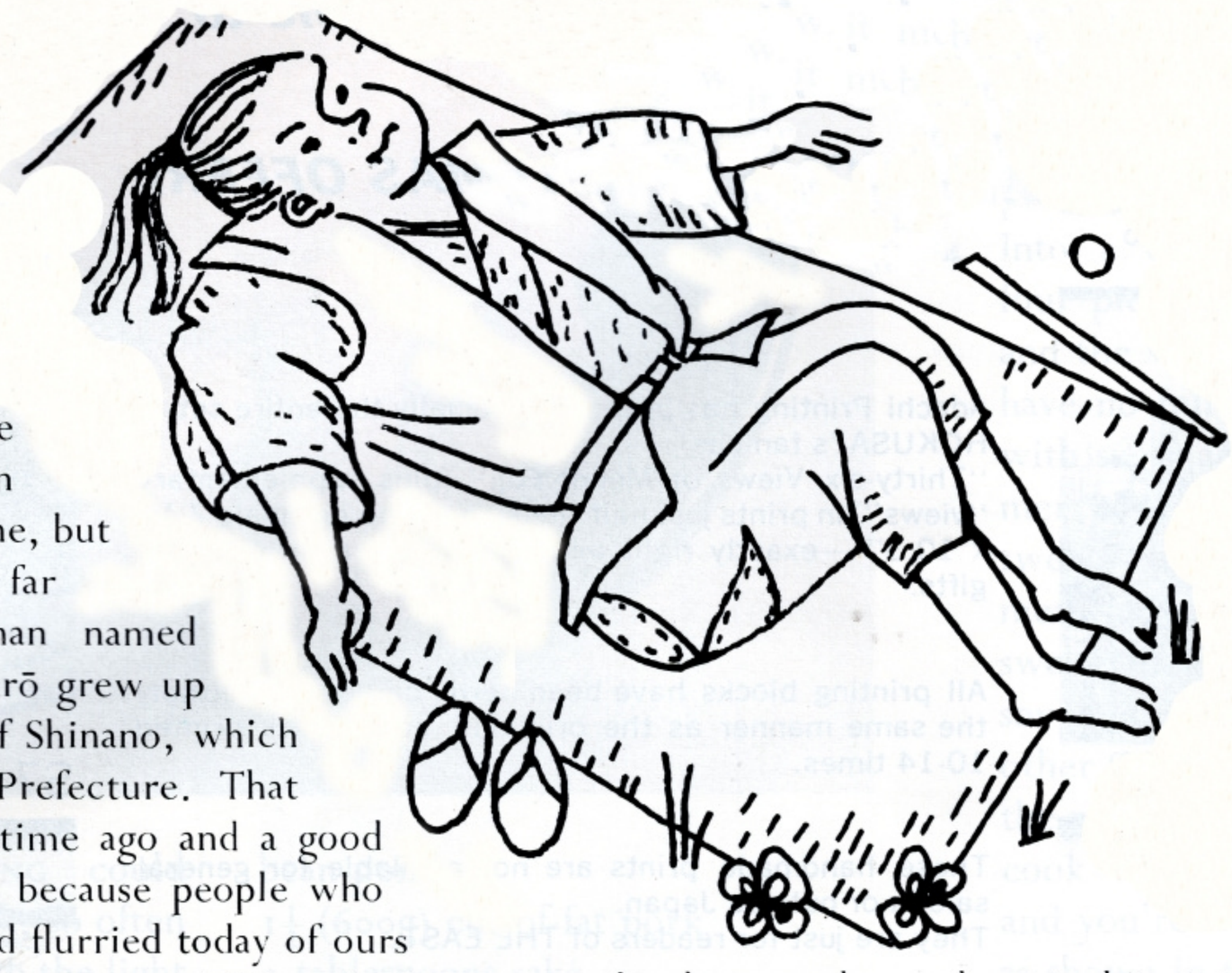
Shiftless Tarō



There have been a good many lazy people in this world, in your time and mine, but the l-a-z-i-e-s-t by far was a young man named Shiftless Tarō. Tarō grew up in the province of Shinano, which is now Nagano Prefecture. That was a long long time ago and a good thing it was too, because people who live in this hurried flurried today of ours would never have put up with him. Tarō was *so* lazy, all he ever did was lie on a mat in the soft grass and sleep, from night to morning and from morning to night. Too lazy even to get up and get his own food, sometimes he would go without eating for three days on end. But the people of his village were goodly and kind. One or the other always found some extra tidbit for the shiftless Tarō.

One day Tarō was lying around as usual and thinking that he hadn't eaten for three days but it really would be too much bother to pick up one foot, and another, and (groan) rise up on both and then, the gods forbid, to WALK, when along came a kindly old woman with a treat for him and saved him the trouble.

"Here are some dango, you lazybones," she said good-naturedly and put down five of the luscious sweet-filled rice dumplings right next to his hand, thinking as she did so that he had a truly noble face just like everyone said.

In no time at all Tarō gobbled up four of the dango and was about to bite into the fifth. But he stopped. No, he thought, better save it for later.

He was passing the ball from hand to hand to hand playing with it when by accident it rolled away from him a little. "Too bad," he said and left it there. Someone would come by and pick it up, he was sure.

Along came a puppydog and made as if to go after it but Tarō merely clutched a stick

that had fallen by his hand and waved the dog away. He was not about to get up.

Three days later Tarō was still lying there flicking the stick. The dango was also still lying there waiting for someone to come pick it up. Just then the local Magistrate happened by. "Hey!" Tarō hailed him. "You came along at a good time. How about picking up that dango and handing it to me?"

"Ho, ho. So this is the famous good-for-nothing Tarō." The Magistrate looked the handsome boy over and nodded to himself. Surely Tarō's father and mother were not just ordinary people. "Tarō, what do you say to going to work? I'll give you a rich farm of your own."

"No thanks, I'd rather sleep. Though sometimes I don't eat for several days."

The Magistrate was a charitable sort of man and he knew he would worry if the boy was not eating for several days at a time so he ordered the people in the village to give Tarō a bite every day.

Thus Tarō lived a contented life for three sleep-filled years.

Just about that time, the Minister of the Second Rank in the capital sent a letter to the Magistrate saying, "I think I would like a man from your province of Shinano to come here and serve in my employ. Can you recommend someone?"

The Magistrate conferred with the villagers. Everyone felt that Tarō would be the very best choice. "He has a splendid face and is wonderfully well and strong."

But they knew it would not be easy to persuade Tarō. Every day one or two villagers went to see Tarō and urge him to accept. At first he refused. "I'd rather sleep," he yawned. Then he began to think. "It's because of the good will of everyone in the village that I've grown up big and healthy like this. It's time I paid them back for their kindness. But if I'm going to work, I'll do a thorough job of it."

So Tarō went to the capital and worked very hard. He had to work ten times as hard as everyone else to make up for all those years when he had not done anything but grow up. He rose before everyone else to practice archery at dawn and went to bed later than everyone else after diligently studying books and scrolls.

Tarō became so outstanding in archery and his studies that the Emperor heard about it and called Tarō before him. Impressed by the young man's fine bearing, he sent a messenger to Shinano to find out about Tarō's parents.

You will not be surprised to learn that once-Shiftless Tarō was the only son of a very important courtier who had been sent to Shinano. When the Emperor discovered this, he married Tarō to a lovely princess and gave him a whole province of his own to rule and they lived happily ever after.

But wait! That was not because he was lazy.

(S.A.R.)

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